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VOLUME LXI. TOLEDO, OHIO: THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1893. NUMBER 47.

Poetry.

THE OLD COUNTRY ROAD.

Where did it come from and where did it go?
That was the question that puzzled us so,
As we waded the dust of the highway that flowed
By the farm, like a river—the old country road.

We stood with our hair sticking up through the crown
Of our hat, as the people went up and went down,
And we wished in our hearts, as our eyes fairly glowed,
We could find where it came from—the old country road.

We remember the pedler who came with his pack
Adown the old highway, and never went back;
And we wondered what things he had seen as he strode
From some fabulous place up the old country road.

We remember the stage-driver's look of delight,
And the crack of his whip as he whirled into sight;
And we sought we could read in each glance he bestowed
A tale of strange life up the old country road.

The movers came by like a ship in full sail,
With a rudder behind in the shape of a pail—
With a rollicking crew and a cow that was towed
With a rope on her horns, down the old country road.

And the gypsies—how well we remember the week
They camped by the old covered bridge on the creek—
How the neighbors quit work, and the crops were unhoed,
Till the wagons drove off down the old country road!

Oh, the top of the hill was the rim of the world,
And the dust of the summer that over it curled
Was the curtain that hid from our sight the abode
Of the fairies that lived up the old country road.

The old country road! I can see it still flow
Down the hill of my dreams, as it did long ago;
And I wish even now I could lay off my load
And rest by the side of the old country road.

—J. Matthews in Ladies' Home Journal.

NOVEMBER.

The sigh of the wild, wild rain
Sobs through the leafless trees;
And we are mute with the pain
Of Heaven's inharmonies!

Some throb of that deep unrest
That bursteth the binding chain
Of strife in the human breast,
Is thine, November rain!

The fire of a baleful hate,
The storm of a passion spent;
And Eve at the outer gate
Of Glory's banishment!

The dregs of a magic cup
That nature is holding still;
The dead blossoms lifted up
The heart of earth to thrill!

O, prone are the golden days!
Life's blood was dancing warm
Lllied and honied ways
When skies might brew no storm!

The bird to the southward flies,
Seeketh a sunny shore;
There under glowering skies
Is blue forever more!

There on the azury rim
Hiding the star on star,
Is song of the Seraphim,
Where never storm clouds are!

Miscellany.

SHE WAS A HAPPY BRIDE.

And Right There the Blithe Young Thing Had the Advantage.

A slim-built young man in clothes of a belligerent cut walked timidly into the marriage intelligence office yesterday, says the San Francisco Chronicle. He was followed closely by a resolute-looking young woman in holiday attire.

The young man glanced around suspiciously for an instant and then reached for the clerk's ear. His companion assumed an air of unostentatious preoccupation, turned her back and gazed far away at a corner of the ceiling, but she was careful to keep between her companion and the door.

"Ssh!" hissed the young fellow, bending far over the counter in his effort to prevent his companion overhearing anything. "Ssh! say, can't we duck out of sight somewhere? Ssh! don't shout!"

The clerk shook his head.

The stranger continued his cautious whisper: "Say," he said, "ssh! I'm in a hole, see? It's agin me to hitch to that she-devil, see? How can I jump the game, eh?"

The clerk shook his head. "There are courts all about here," he suggested. "Try 'em."

The stranger bent closer.

"Say," he continued, with an apprehensive glance at the back of his companion, "she'll land me dead to rights if you don't give me a lift. She's swore to give me a divorce after we're hitched, but what good'll that do, eh?" he concluded mournfully.

The clerk remained silent.

"Say," went on the visitor in pleading tones, "t'row her out, and I'll fix it with you. Run her in; do anything; anything goes."

The clerk shook his head.

"Say," suddenly exclaimed the woman, wheeling about resolutely, "what game er you puttin' up on me now? Scratch out that license lively. This nere man's been keeping company with me for two years, and he's got to do some lively marryin' now, an' don't you forget it. Scratch along lively! His name's Westmure Monroe L. Westmure, an' he lives at 26 Jessie street, an' he's 26 years old, 'n' my name's Cora—C-o-r-a, Cora—Gale."

Monroe started. "Rust me if I ever knew that before."

"You'll learn lots when you've married me," was the answer, given with calm superiority.

"'N' sometimes they call him West, 'n' sometimes they call him Tommy White. Put 'em all in, if you want to, an' charge the bill to his nibs here."

The clerk made out his bill, and "his nibs" paid it with a sigh.

"'N' now start us for the nearest justice, an' we'll get nearer marriage 'n' this fellow's been since he was born."

They were started, and ten minutes later they emerged a happy, beaming bride and a woful, disconsolate groom.

He Was Much Obliged.

Tramp—I'm very much obliged for that piece of fresh bread you gave me, mum.

Young Housekeeper—You are welcome.

Tramp—Yes, mum. It was a little too doughy to eat, mum, but it tightened my leaky shoes up elegant.—New York Weekly.

We've All Met Him.

Mrs. Gabgift—I am sure I hear burglars downstairs, I—

Mr. Gabgift—Sh—don't make the least noise.

Mrs. Gabgift—But you'll not shoot, will you? I—

Mr. Gabgift—Jerusalem, no; I want to tell them about what I saw at the Fair.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

A Brave Policeman.

"I see Officer Flynn has been promoted for bravery."

"What did he do?"

"Stood his ground while another officer shot at a dog."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

CHARLES HIBBERT TUPPER.

The New Canadian K. C. M. G. is Worthy of His Illustrious Father.

Sir Charles Hibbert or Sir Hibbert Tupper, as he will doubtless be called, to distinguish him from his father, although only 38 years of age, has already made a high mark for himself in Canadian politics. He has, it is true, had every advantage. His father, Sir Charles Tupper, now high commissioner for Canada in England, gave him the best that the American continent could supply in the way of education, and hardly had he begun to fight his way as a lawyer

SIR CHARLES HIBBERT TUPPER.

at the Nova Scotia bar when he found himself elected to the Dominion House of Commons to represent a county in the province with which the name of Tupper has always been associated.

Five years of House of Commons life proved that "young Charlie Tupper" knew how to handle the parliamentary cudgels in true colonial style, and before he was 33 years of age Sir John Macdonald singled him out for a place in the cabinet as minister of marine and fisheries. Sir John died, but Mr. Tupper remained in succeeding ministries, and unlike some of his colleagues, clung to the department with which his own maritime province is especially associated. Here he has enhanced the reputation of Canada as the fifth maritime power in the world and as the home of wealthy ocean fisheries, while at the same time he has begun to make fame for himself as an administrator of indomitable energy, abundant courage and no little insight. The achievement which brought Sir Hibbert Tupper his K. C. M. G. is the successful presentation of the British case before the Bering sea court of arbitration.

HARRISON'S PRESENTMENT.

He Told a Jolly Party That He Would Not Die a Natural Death.

Just two weeks ago the writer was one of a jovial party in Chicago whom Mayor Carter Harrison joined. "Boys," said Mayor Harrison during the conversation, "I must leave you as they are keeping me busy nowadays, so take one round with me. I have not got long to stay in this world, but while I am here I'll be on top and the world will know that Carter Harrison is alive and kicking. I don't expect to live much longer and the feeling grows upon me stronger every day that I will never die a natural death. I just feel sure that some crank will consider that he has a divine call to butcher me in cold blood. But, no matter, while I live I will do what I recognize as right and as my duty, and, whatever th y may say of me, no one can say that Carter Harrison is not square in his dealings with his fellow-man or that he ever went back on a needy friend. So, boys, here's to you! You must excuse me, as I have some work to attend to."

There were well known active Republicans as well as Democratic leaders in that little party, but one and all had a good word to say of the mayor after he had left the place.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

TWILIGHT HOURS.

One Matter Explained.

Mrs. Wickwire—I don't believe a man's love is as steady as a woman's.

Mr. Wickwire—Of course it isn't. When a man is really in love he can't think of anything else. But a woman can hold her attention to keeping her hat on straight even when her lover is kissing her for the first time.—Indianapolis Journal.

Theology and Football.

There seems to be no good reason why a theological student should not belong to a football team. If his team gets beaten all he has got to do is to delegate the worldly members to make the usual objurgatory remarks.—Boston Herald.

Poetic Note.

"No, I don't know much about the poetry of motion," said the literary editor, "but," tossing the verses into the waste basket, "I can give you an illustration of the motion of poetry."—Boston Transcript.

Harmony at Last.

Twiggs—How are Haggie and his wife now?

Diggs—Happy as you please.

"How did they fix up their trouble? Did he make the first move?"

"Yes, he died."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Sensitive.

"What are you doing, Cholly?" asked that young gentleman's friend. "Killing time?"

"Deah me! I wish you wouldn't use that howwid expwession. It is so suggestive of exertion!"—Washington Star.

Cause of Grief.

Mother—What's the matter?

Small Son—Boo-hoo! Johnny Spurter was goin' to lend me his bicycle every day when he got his new one, and now it's all smashed up. He ran into a sto-stone wall, boo-hoo-hoo!

Mother—That's too bad. Was he hurt any?

Small Son—No'm. The doctors said he never knew what killed him.—Street & Smith's Good News.

Why He Still Hoped.

"Mr. Jinkles," she said, with great emphasis, "I have told you 'no' often enough to be understood."

"Did you ever attempt amateur photography?"

"Yes."

"Then you can understand that most negatives can be depended on to fade."—Washington Star.

Variety at the Table.

"How do you like living in the country, Becks?"

"Fine."

"Do you get much variety in your table?"

"Indeed we do. Why we've had a new cook every week since we went there."—Harper's.

A Great Pleasure Spoiled.

New Boarder—No, it's no use talking, I can't have that folding bed any longer.

Landlady—What's wrong with it?

New Boarder—It comes so close to the floor half the time I'm not certain that I could see a man if he was under there.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Her Opinion.

"There is one thing," said De Broot's wife, "in which woman can never hope to be man's equal."

"And what is that?"

"In being unreasonable."—Washington Star.

Vindication.

Every wife occasionally wishes she could vindicate herself by letting some woman her husband praises have him for a few weeks.—Atchison Globe.

ENGLISH COUNTRY HOUSE LIFE.

Fashionable London Now Enjoying the Pleasures of Rural Life.

"An American woman," writing to the European edition of the New York Herald, says that the country house season is now in full swing and will continue so up to Christmas. Everybody who has any pretence to being in society is now entertaining a houseful of guests or being entertained in a more or less lavish manner, according to the style of the house, the inclinations of the host or hostess and the tastes of those invited.

English country house life—that part of it which relates to the entertainment of visitors—differs in circumstance and degree as much as one thing can differ from another and shows as many gradations as it is possible to conceive of.

From the Queen's "Saturday to Monday" or "dine and sleep" parties or the Duke's houseful for a "big shoot" down to the humble vicarage or even farm house friend invited to occupy the single guest chamber is a long distance, and gives opportunity for the study of many different kinds of living and amusement.

It is in those partaking of the hospitality of a great house and the life they lead that the most interest is shown, but even in these there is the greatest difference, both as regards the guests themselves and the amusements provided for them.

Guests invited to Windsor Castle generally arrive an hour or so before dinner and depart the next morning. They assemble at a quarter to nine, and when joined by the Queen go in to dinner, after which, in the drawing room, the Queen addresses a few remarks to each visitor in turn, and then retires to her private apartments. The guests then chat with each other, listen to music or have a round game.

At Sandringham there is less formality. The guests are invited for longer, but never for very long. They arrive at teatime and after being weighed and writing their names in the visitor' book enjoy a cup of delicious tea prepared by the fair hands of the Princess herself. A servant then shows them to their rooms, from which they do not emerge until dinner. The evening is spent in conversation and music.

In the morning the guests breakfast alone, and amuse themselves by walking, driving or viewing the stables, which contain many beautiful horses. At lunch they say "Good morning" to their host and hostess. The afternoon is passed in making excursions, driving or tennis, perfect freedom being given to each guest to please himself.

Of course all is different during the shooting season. The life then is about the same as in any other large country house. An invitation to Sandringham is a much coveted prize for those who have the ambition to "get on" in English society, for if you have been there you can go anywhere.

HONEY AND GALL.

James Russell Lowell Could Administer Both to Women.

James Russell Lowell had an eye to feminine attire as well as to other more important things, says the New York World. He wrote to his daughter, Mrs. Edward Burnett, in 1889, of a call he had made on Mrs. Cleveland, and he said: "She was very pleasing in a pretty morning gown." In another part of the same letter he again refers to the President's wife in commendatory terms. "She is very pretty," he says, "and gracious, and bears herself very well." In writing to Sarah Orne Jewett and Mrs. Jas. T. Fields he remarked in complimentary vein: "That two such charming women should think of me so kindly makes all mankind a matter of indifference."

But he could be bitingly disagreeable in his speeches about women at times. For instance, he wrote of Margaret Fuller: "She is a very foolish, conceited woman, who has got together a great deal of information, but not enough knowledge to save her from being ill-natured. He also spoke of "Miss Fuller's attempts at facetiousness which now and then give a melancholy air to the Tribune."

Working a Greased Growler.

While I was in a "growler joint," or a saloon in the growler district yesterday, a typical tough came in with a large can under his arm. It had no handle and was badly battered.

"Gimme a pint," he said.

The bartender took the can, felt the inside with his finger, smiled and said, as he winked: "Yer can't give me the dinky dink, cull. I'm dead cnto your curves."

He took a towel and carefully wiped the inside of the can. Putting the can under the beer spiggot he let the beer run until the froth came over the top, and then returned the can to the tough.

"Great game, that," said the bartender, "and it's new, too. Only a growler-rusher would think of it. How is it worked? This way: One of the gang gets a piece of fat and rubs it all around the can on the inside. They rub it a short distance from the middle if the can is large, and near the top if small. You see we never measure out the beer, but just pour it in until the froth reaches the top. Well, as soon as the froth strikes the fat around the inside, it won't go any higher until the beer forces it up, so that they get all beer instead of all froth. See the game?"—New York Telegram.

The Unspeakable Cigarette Stench.

One bump that does not lessen as the clouds roll by is the cigarette stench that saturates his breath, his clothes, his hair, himself from bang to patent leather. Not satisfied with a day fresh-air puff he loads his pockets for night consumption. No matter situation, circumstance, surroundings, people or place, he must smoke. He bows over his dinner hostess' hand, and she furtively floats her handkerchief at the tainted spot. He flirts in the corner with a pretty girl, and later she hangs her dress in a draughty hallway to blow off the smoke. He takes a german belle—a bouquet, as it were, of fragrance, her laces, fan, ribbon, gloves, gown and pretty self, perfuming the air—in his arms, and to the best of his ability smothers the sweet scent by the overpowering nastiness of his cigarette-laden person. The idea of denying himself a smoke because he's to dance never enters his hollow, selfish head. —San Francisco Report.

Industrial Note.

"Yes," said the old man, "I'm a Republican. I've got 37,000 head of sheep in the silver belt. Got a new method of shearing 'em now."

"How so?" asked a Democrat.

"Oh, since election. Used to shear sheep from the head down, but since I voted for Cleveland and a change, I begin at the tail and shear up. Can't bear to look a sheep in the face."—New York Recorder.

Realising His Dreams.

"Grinder is about to realize all the dreams of his life."

Smiley—"Rich uncle dead?"

"No; his wife has graduated from a cooking school that teaches the making of thirteen different kinds of pie."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Tags.

Rhodes—Don't you think Perkins's baby takes after its daddy?

Barnes—Yas; jest like its ma!—Truth.

A Requisite.

Bessie—That young Mr. Skimpley has over a million.

Kitty (looking over him)—Well, he needs it.—Vogue.

A ROUMANIAN ROYAL BABY.

Carmen Sylva is Delighted With the Prospects Announced.

A paragraph is going the rounds of the European press to the effect that the poetess Queen of Roumania, Carmen Sylva, who is passionately fond

CARMEN SYLVA.

of children and who has never got over the loss of her only daughter, is so rejoiced at the prospect of an heir to the throne that she proposes to return and resume her place at court, and has designed a most artistic cradle for the future king or queen.

Of course this refers to the prospects in the family of the Crown

CROWN PRINCESS MARIE OF ROUMANIA.

Prince Ferdinand of Roumania, who was married to Princess Marie, of Edinburgh, on January 10 last at the Hohenzollern castle of Sigmaringen. This is the first intimation that has reached England of the approaching event.

"Carmen Sylva," Queen Elizabeth of Roumania, self-veiled herself from the Roumanian court after the trouble that arose from the love affair of the crown prince with Mlle. Vacaresco, and has since then been residing at her father's castle, Neuwied, on the Rhine. The queen poetess herself suffered keenly after the death of her daughter and the subsequent failure to give to Roumania a son and heir. "The chief duty of a queen," she wrote in her charming "Pensus," "is to give solidity to the royal succession. If she does not, her mission in her high sphere is a failure."

SUPPOSED TO BE FUNNY.

Street Car Amenities.

"I would get up and give you my seat, miss," said the jolly-faced man in the crowded street car, "but I don't feel it to be my duty. I am old enough to be your father."

"You hold your age and your seat remarkably well, sir," replied the young woman, grasping a strap as the car lurched.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Harmless.

Lunatic (screaming)—Ar-r-r-r! Blood! blood! Murder, fire, death and destruction! Ar-r-r-r-r-r!

Visitor—My stars! I guess I'll be getting out of here. That fellow is dangerous.

Keeper—Oh, no! He is perfectly harmless. Thinks he is Gov. Waite, of Colorado.—Chicago Mail.

Above Writing It.

An old negro who had business in a lawyer's office, was asked if he could sign his name. "How is dat, sir?"

"I ask," the lawyer answered, "if you can write your name?"

"Well, no sah. I neber writes my name. I jess dictates it, sah."—Tid-Bits.

She Objected.

Mrs. Rapsard—Didn't you have a girl to take care of your dear little Fido?

Mrs. Lingerly—Oh, yes. But I couldn't get her to stay.

Mrs. Rapsard—What was the matter?

Mrs. Lingerly—She didn't like it because we kept a baby.—Brooklyn Life.

For Her Sake.

"Clarice," he said, in a voice that was full of emotion, "I lay my fortune at ycur feet. And," he muttered, as an after thought, "it is no slouch of a fortune, either."

"The fortune is all right, but you are very young. It will be many years before I am a widow."

"Clarice," and his emotion almost choked him—"that shall be no obstacle. For your sake I will do anything."

"How can you overcome the difficulty?"

"I will—(more emotion)—I will smoke cigarettes."—Washington Star.

Saving Trouble.

"How will we go through this train?" asked one desperado of another. "We want to avoid noise and publicity as far as possible."

"That's all right," was the answer; "I've got it fixed."

"How?"

"We'll wait until the Pullman porter gets through with the passengers and then we'll rob him."—Washington Star.

Surprise in a Cyclone Pit.

Some years ago, in 1883-4, quite a number of persons dug "cyclone pits" near their houses. Luckily they had no occasion to use these. Near Louisburg, Jack Adams has one of these pits, and a few days ago, thinking a cyclone was approaching, he sent his wife and children into the pit. A highland moccasin, a very poisonous snake, had his home in the pit, and bit one of the children. Prompt and liberal doses of whisky saved the child's life.—Raleigh (N. C.) News.

A Necessary Training.

"What is the matter with Dick Van Wibbles?"

"Nothing that I know of."

"I saw him in the gymnasium just now going through the most horrible facial contortions. But when I spoke to him he appeared to recover instantly."

"Oh, that's all right. Dickie was taking his exercise."

"I don't quite understand you."

"He is developing his facial muscles so as to get a good grip on his monocle."—Washington Star.

A Popular Contributor.

Stuffer—Who is that gentleman the company is paying so much attention to just now?

Bluffer—He is one of the greatest of the regular contributors to Carper's Magazine.

Stuffer—What is the nature of his contributions?

Bluffer—Checks. He contributes several thousand dollars for soap adds.—Yonkers Gazette.

A Safeguard.

Tipple—"How did you come to marry Jack? I did not know that you had fallen in love with him."

Sibyl—"I hadn't."

Tipple—"Then why did you marry him?"

Sibyl—"For fear I might."—Puck.

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THE EMIGRANT SHIP

By W. CLARK RUSSELL,

AUTHOR OF "LOST, YE LANDSMEN!" "THE ROMANCE OF A TRANSPORT," "THE WRECK OF THE GROSVENOR." "AN OCEAN TRAGEDY," "THE FROZEN PIRATE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE START FOR SYDNEY.

On the morning of the fifth day, dating from our arrival off the island, we were heading in for it once more to heave-to for the last time that the Brigstock party might go ashore. We towed the long boat in our wake. Everything had been completed before dark on the previous night, when we had hoisted a number of casks filled with fresh water for us by Brigstock and his men, and rafted off in tow of the boats.

It was about 9:30 in the morning; I stood in conversation with Brigstock at the break of the poop. All my crew, dressed in male attire, were scattered about the decks, mingling and conversing with the rest of the females. The chests and boxes belonging to the settlers had been taken ashore on the previous day, together with half a suit of canvas to supply the people with roofs until they had built houses. The ship's bell was also gone; likewise the clock, and many other conveniences and necessaries. The whole group of sailors and partners, barring one at the helm and Brigstock, were on the forecastle, attired ready for the shore. Brigstock was dressed as parsonically as his clothes would admit of.

"Capt'n," said he, turning to me after a long pause in our talk, "the time for saying good-by has pretty nigh come."

"Yes, it's close at hand," said I.

"I hope we're forgiven the wrong we done yer?"

"You and your men have atoned fully and handsomely. The behavior of the seamen will remain one of the most memorable of my life experiences."

He sunk his head in a solemn gesture of thanks and said: "As our oath has been kept by us, so you'll keep your'n, sir."

"Undoubtedly."

"It'll take us some time to settle down, and we dorn't want to be broke us just when we've got comfortable."

"You'll not be broken up through me."

"We shall hoist the flag arter we've got a spar up, and then take possession. There's a beautiful valley t'other side,past that hill there; that's where we mean to build! It's convenient for the lagoon, which we'll make a road ter in doo course."

"Your first act, I suppose, will be to marry yourselves?"

"I'll see to that," he answered, with a stiff, severe air, as if he would have no levity in that direction.

"Who'll marry you to Miss Cobbs?"

"The party I delegates; him as I empowers by my rights as president helect," he answered, as though the subject had been long ago argued and settled.

I saw Miss Cobbs talking with Kate Darnley in the waist; the minutes slipped by; the ship drove along over smooth water, the long Pacific swell helping her.

"We're close enough in, I think," said I presently. A fit of nervousness took me suddenly, and my heart beat quick.

"Back the main topsail yard!" I bawled. "Port main brace!"

The girls, full of zeal, eagerness, expectation, rushed aft to where the ropes led.

"For the last time, sweethearts," cried Alice Perry, in a voice merry as music with the emotions of that hour. She struck up one of the many sailor songs she and the rest knew, and the girls pulled with a will and a chorus. The topsail came aback; the ship lost way.

"Are we all ready?" shouted Brigstock.

His party answered by coming quickly from the forecastle, and gathering about the gangway.

"Corbin, take the wheel," said I.

She replaced Jackson, who came along smiling, and said, when close to me, "Is it to be good-by here, sir?"

"If you please, my man," said I.

"Then good-by, and God bless ye," said he, extending his hand; "and may you have a prosperous voyage to Sydney, and do as well by our stealing of you, as you fared ill by our misunderstanding of yer."

They lowered the quarter-boat they meant to take and keep, brought the longboat to the gangway, and got the steps over. Brigstock stood with his hands upon the brass rail of the poop-break, looking round and along the ship as though to make sure he'd forgotten nothing. He turned to me in a minute or two, and said:

"Is there nothen we can do for you, capt'n, afore we go?"

"Nothing."

"The anchors are at the catheads," said he, "all's ready with your ground tackle. But how about your canvas, sir?" he continued, rolling up his eyes at the sails. "Would yer like us to leave you snugger? None of the gells I expect 'll be able to handle them main and fore top's'ls."

I told him I meant to keep the vessel under the shortened canvas she now carried; should it come on to blow, I'd lower the yards, haul out the reef-tackles, and leave the rest to the gods. I said I looked for fine weather. If I wanted help I'd shift my helm for it; it could never be far off in this ocean of islands and whalers.

He looked at me with a dull admiration in his slow gaze; then, going to the rail and observing the boats were ready, this formal, solemn mid-century reproduction of the famous mutineer, Christian, returned and said:

"Capt'n, we're ready to go."

"I'll bid you all good-by at the gangway," said I, and went on to the quarter-deck.

The women crowded about the settlers, as I call them, and stared at the sailors and girls as though they had been strangers, just come over the side. The prevalent emotion was wonder; the looks of most of the females expressed it. They hardly spoke. The partners, on the other hand, waiting for Brigstock and perhaps for me, chatted briskly with the seamen.

"Captain Morgan," said Brigstock, taking off his hat and extending his hand, "farewell, and may God's eye be upon yer, and upon all these people who have only you to look to, after the Almighty, for protection and safety."

"Mr. Brigstock," I answered, "from the bottom of my heart I wish you well. May your settlement prosper, and may your name achieve the renown the heroic example you have set your followers entitles you to."

With one after another of the settlers, male and female, I shook hands. This was followed by some handshaking between the people who were going, and a few, but a few only, of the emigrants. The flourish of farewell being ended, the women were handed into the boats by the men, who followed them and then cast off; Brigstock steering the longboat, and Sour Harding the quarter-boat.

I ran on to the poop, and Kate came after me, and together we stood looking. My girl sailors lined the rail,and a crowd of women got on to the forecastle. I meant to watch the boats vanish in the creek before trimming for Sydney. When they had gone about a cable's length, all the people stood up and cheered the ship loud and long; that large cry of farewell came to the ear edged with the female voices in it. I flourished my cap, and roared back a cheer, and Kate waved her hand, and a few women forward flourished to the boats, but the greater mass of us were mute as death, and deadly was the chill of that silence upon the spirits, generous at the sight and warmed by the huzzaing of those departing men and women.

In the boats they continued to strain their eyes at the ship. The faces of the women, all turned our way, were white as paper. It was the one thrilling passage in their experiences; a something soul-moving in the instant of its doing. I could not shift my eyes from the boats; they constrained me as by magic; and, when at last they vanished in the creek I gave a sigh as though I had been sobbing, then came to myself on a sudden with desperate perception of my great responsibilities.

I had long before, in these five days of waiting off the island, explored the charts in the cabin and settled upon the course to be steered; and I determined to start by heading due south, till I should have struck the latitude of 26 deg. or 27 deg.; then heading due west I should have a wide field of clear Pacific before me, nothing to trouble about in the shape of land, providing I was not blown to the northward, till we should have reached the longitude of 175 deg. We should then be within easy sail of Sydney.

The moment the boats had disappeared, and I had come to myself, so to speak, I stepped from the rail and looking round me I shouted:

"Now, girls, hurrah for Sydney! Let's get that main top-sail swung, and away we go!"

"Hurrah for Sydney!" echoed Alice Perry, springing into the afr.

"Now's to show what we're made of!" cried Emmy Reed.

"Brace round lively, sweethearts!" I bawled.

The girls, perfectly disciplined by this time as you'll suppose, judging by the prodigious pains I had taken, fled without the least disorder to the several braces; and in a moment the poop was alive with bending and lifting fingers, all pulling as rythmically together as a pendulum swings; and the wind was gay with their girlish chanting of sailors' songs.

There were thirty of them; not one had so far failed me. Long since they had become accustomed to their garb as I to mine; all novelty had many weeks before passed out of that condition of the training; it was as commonplace and familiar a detail of our everyday life as my shooting the sun, or the getting of our meals.

When we had braced to the breeze I went to the break of the poop, and called the women to assemble on the quarter-deck, and to my crew to gather about me. Susannah Corbin was at the wheel, handling the helm as artistically as any able seaman I ever sailed with. I waited while the women collected, and now it was that I realized the position I was in. I don't mean to say I had not all along clearly grasped the significance of my scheme to carry this ship to port with women only; all that it involved, every possibility of successful, perilous, or tragic issue, I had perceived and dwelt on over and over again; but at this moment realization was rendered acute, in a sense before impossible; first, by the absence of the seamen, then by our being under way, by the sight of the crowds dependent upon me, by the emptiness of, by the silence in, that forecastle yonder.

The women assembled on the quarter-deck, my crew, as I call them, ranged themselves on either hand, in divisions of port and starboard watches, for long ago they had been thus divided and regularly mustered. We were now, all told, 77 souls; that is, seventy-six women and one man.

"I haven't called you together to make a speech," said I after a pause. "We're bound to Sydney at last, and there's not one of you but will do her dead best to help me to get there. My duty is to arrange for the discipline of the ship. I am captain, of course; my chief mate is Alice Perry, with whom I associate Miss Kate Darnley; they will keep a lookout together. My second mate is Miss Emmy Reed, with whom I associate Charlotte Brown. My crew know their duties, they are fifteen in each watch; and, after the forecastle has been cleaned and made fit for their reception, they will occupy it, as being more convenient for quickly answering a call than the 'tween decks. These arrangements, I hope, are to your satisfaction?"

A murmur of assent arose from among my crew; the women on the quarter-deck made no sign, perhaps holding that this part of the discipline did not concern them.

"The seven who can steer will do so by rotation; Corbin starts, and the helmswomen will arrange among themselves as to how the succession shall run when two hours' trick is up. And now," said I, leaning over the rail to address the females below, "we shall want a cook and a cook's mate; call it two cooks. There are many of you perfectly qualified for that situation. The two ladies who cook will have nothing else to do. I call for volunteers."

Several hands were raised, and a number of women cried out together.

"Two only," said I.

"'Taint an orfice to be jumped for," shouted Emma Marks. "What's there to cook?"

"Time we got a meal fit to eat," cried a woman.

"Who can make pies and currant puddens?" yelled another. "It's been salt pork and salt beef ever since 'ome."

"Settle it among yourselves," said I; "we shall want our dinner, and its drawing on to 12 o'clock."

Kate, who stood in the crowd, proposed that those who desired to be cooks should draw for the post; and the two selected went forward laughing and highly pleased.

"Now, ladies," said I, "a situation's vacant by Miss Cobbs' withdrawal. We must have a matron. We must appoint some head who'll be responsible for the cleanliness of your quarters, contrive that your meals are punctually served, act as referee in disputes. You recognize the necessity for such a head?"

Many answered "Yes."

"Then," said I, "I leave it to you to choose the likeliest person among you. Whoever is kind and amiable, and popular, let her be your choice."

There were no more posts for the women to fill; all other work would be mine. I told them I should be satisfied if they chose a head by sundown, and then, thanking them for their attendance, I called Kate to come up and walk the deck on a lookout with Perry, and went forward.

I looked into the galley; the two women were waiting for provisions to cook. I put a few questins to them, and, having satisfied myself that they understood the sea equipment of this big emigrant caboose, I called Sarah Harvey, told off four of the girls, and bade them accompany me; and, with the assistance of these five women, I sent forward all the supplies necessary to provide the women with a dinner.

I walked quickly into the forecastle, feeling uneasy when the ship was out of my sight. This sea parlor was a large interior, corresponding, as a structure, with the raised deck aft. It was a gloomy cave, but dry and clean, and sweet enough in smell; the front of it was blocked by the great windlass, and the shadow lay heavy under the break there; the chain cables were bent, and the lengths of massive rusty links arched serpent-like, sheer through the interior from the windlass barrel to the hawsepipe. The forecastle was a little square; the sunshine streamed through it, and lay in a flood of light on the deck beneath. The sailors had made a clean sweep; chests, bedding, clothes, and blankets—everything was gone. Nothing survived the Jacks' occupancy but a black bowl of pipe in the midst of the sunshine, and an old sea boot.

Two rows of bunks went on either hand into the eyes of the ship; with these and the cabins to port and starboard outside, intended for the use of the ship's bo'sun, sailmaker, and carpenter, I calculated berthing room for twenty-two; which was all I needed, since of the thirty girls, fifteen turn and turn about must be continuously up and dressed, ready for a call.

My present anxiety was to settle the discipline of the ship, that I might devote myself to the navigation of her. As I was walking aft a number of women crossed the deck; they were among the most respectable of the people; one of them explained.

"We wish Miss Darnley to take the post of matron. She's our choice, if she's willing."

I thought a minute, and then considered the motion good.

"She shall be the matron," said I; "but you must support her authority. The pudding is a pretty gritty one with your Emma Marks and others, and I don't want the job of biting to prove tooth-breaking to Miss Darnley."

They all, in several forms of expression, pormised to back her up. I then went on the poop, where she was standing beside Alice Perry..

"Kate," said I.

She turned and came to me.

"They want you to be matron."

She made a face, and looked at the women on the main deck.

"Take the post, dear."

I had never called her that before. She colored, and stared, and said: "They won't obey me."

"The best of them will back you, and then there's my authority.

"What shall I have to do?"

I ran over Hannah Cobbs's routine, dwelling strongly on the necessity of the airing of the bedding, of keeping the 'tween decks well washed and sweet, and thoroughly ventilated.

"Think of sickness happening," said I, "of a fever breaking out. They're an illiterate raw, slum-like lot in the mass, and need such a head as you."

After a short chat to this effect she consented, and left me to arrange for the mess, and to see that the people got their dinner.

"What's the sign of a change of weather?" said Alice Perry, rolling up to me. There is a theatrical instinct and talent of impersonation in all women, and this girl, when dressed as a man, rolled in her walk as though she had used the sea all her life.

"A ring round the moon, clouds to winward, twenty things; but the sure sign's the barometer."

"I want to know what to look out for when I keep watch," said she.

"Observe the ship's course; see that the girl at the wheel holds her straight, or we shall be ashore. Keep awake. Be careful of that at night. Miss Darnley's going to be matron; I'll take her place, and be your associate in keeping watch."

She smiled, and said, "I'm still your chief mate, aint I?"

"Oh, yes."

"I mean to keep this," said she, swinging the silver whistle.

"So you shall," said I.

I looked at the island. Already its features were sunk in shadow, and it hung like a long blue cloud upon the sea. Were the people there watching the gleaming shaft our canvas made upon the ocean? Had any of them already repented of their resolution?

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A SECOND SUICIDE.

We had run the island out of sight by 4 o'clock, at which hour I was noticing, with some uneasiness, a windy appearance in the sky northeast. The breeze still blew out of the south, a pleasant sailing wind, but the canvas we were under was half as much as we could have expanded, and when, with the help of four of the girls, I hove the log—a machine my crew were perfectly acquainted with the use of—I found the speed six, when it might easily have been nine.

About this hour a sail sprang up on the weather bow. I fetched the glass, and found she was heading directly for us. Anxiety was lying very heavy upon my spirits at this time. The sight of that sail seemed almost like a heavenly injunction to me to obtain the assistance of men to work the ship. A crowd of women were about the galley door, with Kate in the thick of them, seeing, as I took it, that the girls' supper was being got ready.

Alice Perry stood near me, her gaze fixed upon the approaching craft. I stared at her a minute, and then called her.

"You're one of the most sensible of all my girls," said I. "Give me your opinion."

"About what?" she answered, with a sudden brisk expression in her face; for now, when I had a word of kindness, sympathy, or confidence for this girl, she would color and glow in cheeks and eyes, as though every pulse in her quickened its beat.

"Will you girls stick to your work?"

"Why shouldn't we?" she said. "It's light and jolly enough, and it ain't going to last long."

"Yonder comes a ship; a signal might bring two or three hands in her to help us along. What do you think?"

"What do I think?" she cried. "Why, that you don't trust us."

"I trust you all; but have you strength and will to hold out? There's a month—there may be six weeks before us."

"Have we failed you once?"

"No."

"Look at Ellen Clark there at the wheel! Is there e'er a man in that ship out there a-going to do better? Is it that we haven't the spirit? Then we have, one and all! Some may lose it by and by, but there's others with plenty of courage, ready to take their places. Oh, capt'n, why, what's makin' your heart low all of a sudden like this?"

She fixed her fiery eyes on me, and watched steadily.

"It's been understood from the beginning," she cried, "that us girls of your crew are to sail the ship to Sydney."

I felt a little afraid of her.

"S'help me God!" she exclaimed, "if I had your larnin' 'bout the sun and things, I'd take the ship off your 'ands, and save yer all the trouble. We don't want no men 'ere. We've had enough of that. If e'er a one comes, I and the rest will give up. "What 'll ha' bin the good of us pulling and hauling, learnin' to steer, running up them ladders, if we're to give up when everything's settled, and all's goin' along sweetly nice, because, being a gentleman, you can't put your trust in pore girls of our class. If men are to come, fired if some of us don't make it too 'ot for them to be of use to yer."

I put on a stern face, not choosing her to suppose I could endure such talk and airs; but secretly I was never better pleased with anything than the spirit she was now showing. I feigned to look sullenly, as though I was offended, and then said:

"Well, I hope all the rest of the girls will prove as heroic as you. I don't like your speech, but I love your heart;" and, softening my eyes, I gave her a faint smile, that she might see how it stood between us, and walked away.

The stranger was a big full-rigged ship, light as a cask, with painted ports, and half her own height of green sheathing showing. The sallow color of the Spaniard flew at her peak. She was probably from around the Horn, for the Philippines, on a true Jack Spaniard course for those islands.

The two ships passed within easy speaking distance; we could distinguish the faces of the people on board her. A whole crowd of men filled her forecastle, and a number of people of both sexes surveyed us from the poop.

I had snatched a good view of the fellows on her forecastle, and observed them to be of a hairy, chocolate-colored type, some of them negroes; many wore the sugar-loaf hat, and several were hardly clothed in shirt and breeches. The sight of them surprisingly reconciled me

sparkling green hills of water chased and helped us along; in twenty-four hours we made over 230 miles of westing. In the afternoon I saw the shadow of land on the starboard beam, and just before sundown we passed an island, but it was on the chart, and I was prepared for it. I brought the ship's glass to bear, and distinguished a few huts, a row of canoes on the white foreshore, and some red and white dogs, with one native only, close beside them, waving.

I contrived, in snatches during the day, to get as much sleep as would enable me to keep the deck all night. Shortly after sundown the wind scanted, the sea flattened, the vapor floated off the face of the heavens, and we sailed in the midst of as fair a night as had ever darkened upon us since we entered these seas. I walked the deck with Kate for an hour, in high spirits and full of confidence. The test of the preceding night had been as severe as any our run to Sydney was likely to impose upon the girls, and they had responded nobly.

"You said it might be done!" I exclaimed, "but I never hoped it would be so well done."

"Almost ever since you first took charge of this ship you have been drilling them," said Kate.

"Yes, there's no difficulty in learning the names of the ropes, and you can teach monkeys to pull and haul. But the wheel! Who'd dream that girls, in two months, should get the art of the helm as my seven have it?"

Five or six of the "crew" were walking about the poop. One of them suddenly cried out: "What's that?"

I said: "What do you see?"

She answered, "Isn't that a fire there?"

I took the glass from the skylight, and resolved the little globe-shaped glow upon the horizon into a small tongue of flame, and after I had looked a minute later a dim purple blush upon the horizon, over the starboard quarter, reddened into a scar of moon. The fragment of orb, bloated, distorted, soared off the rim of the sea; there was, at this time, a great hush upon the ship; the women on the main deck, the girls aft, all of us were silent, watching the moon rise or the distant native fire.

It was then there sounded, in the air overhead, such another long-drawn peculiar moaning noise as had run like a sound of lamentation through the Atlantic hush on that night which preceded the suicide of Mary Lonney, and being sent adrift by Brigstock. Doubtless it proceeded from some invisible concourse of wild fowl winging to an island; it's a sign that an island is uninhabited when you see many birds hovering over it; a number of uninhabited islands there were in those days hereabouts, and that strange, melancholy cry echoing through the silent wind over our trucks was undoubtedly the piping of some migratory procession of seafowl traveling by night for a reason known to themselves.

The sound was miserably dismal, the girls on the poop, while listening to it, crowded together as though terrified; and we all stared upward, but nothing was to be seen there save a beautiful field of stars.

"Hollo!" cried I. "Where's the ship going to?"

I looked round and sprang to the wheel. Alice Perry had fallen on her knees beside it, and with her face buried in her hands was sobbing hysterically. I brought the ship to her course, while Kate and a dozen others gathered around that strange, kneeling, weeping, boyish figure.

"What is it, dear?" cried one.

"What's the matter with her?" exclaimed another in voice of awe.

Kate knelt beside the sobbing girl, and soothingly addressed and caressed her; but she held her face obstinately buried and made no reply, only that she went on crying as though her heart was breaking. Then all at once springing to her feet, she exclaimed:

"It's nothing. It's all right now. Let me be, I tell yer! Leave me alone, will yer; I want air!" and she went to the rail and overhung it.

"What's the matter with you, Alice?" said I, going to her side and putting my hand upon her shoulder.

She made no answer.

"Did that strange noise overhead just now scare you?"

"No," she replied quickly. "Can't people wish themselves dead without being interfered with?"

"Why, my brave little woman, what's raised that ugly desire?"

"I wish I'd never been born," she exclaimed.

"So do most of us. You're hysterical. Come into the cuddy, and I'll give you a little brandy and water."

"I don't want anything. Isn't it beastly hard upon a girl that she should have feelin's, and not know words to speak 'em with? If Miss Darnley had my thoughts she'd make herself sweet to you with her language."

Her eyes glowed in the starlight, as they stared at me in her white face, under the shaggy heap of hair upon her brow. She suddenly softened her voice, and said, "I'm sorry I let go the wheel. Yer angry with me for that."

"I could be angry with you for nothing but temper and silliness. To listen to you, who have heart of a heroine, with a finer spirit than ever I've met with in your own sex—to listen to you, of them all on board, talking twaddle! Come below. I'll give you a small glass of brandy. Then turn in."

She eyed me steadfastly while I spoke.

"I suppose," said she, "if ever we gets to Australia you'll stop there a little, and then go 'ome?"

"Why, yes, I hope to go home."

"Shall you marry Miss Darnley there, or take her 'ome single?"

"Never you mind," said I, laughing and looking around toward the wheel, for Corbin was not out of earshot, though she was, perhaps, too occupied by her duty to hear us.

"'Ow long have you known her before you met her here?"

"No chief mate is permitted to cross-examine his captain in this fashion," said I; then fearing if I made her sulky she'd breed trouble among the others, I said, "I'm grateful to you, and as fond as I ought to be. They shall make a lady of you in Sydney. What should I have done without you?" and I took her hand.

She snatched it from me with a shudder, buried her face, then went forward.

Soon after she was gone I heard a faint distant hallooing out upon the sea; it sounded as though it came from midway the ship and the low black shadow of island with the sparkle upon it; it was nearer, however, than that, as I had afterward reason to suppose.

I pointed the glass at the place where the hallooing seemed to sound, imagining that some small colonial trader was there, but seeing nothing I concluded the shouts came from a canoe. The idea of a swarm of savages drawing within arrow shot—fifty or a hundred of them for all I could tell, so thick was the dusk upon the face of the water, would have frightened me horribly but for our rate of going.

Three times I heard that distant faint hallooing. Corbin asked what it was; none of the others about the decks seemed to heed it.

Kate arrived, and said all was right in the 'tween decks.

"Have you looked into the forecastle?"

"No," she answered.

"Alice Perry's been talking very queerly; she's gone forward with her eyes on fire and a hand of ice. She is ill, or going to be. Step forward, will you, dear, and tell me how she does? She is a valuable hand, worth cherishing."

She went away without a word. Her silence was like a sulky look.

I stepped to the rail and stared at the water in the direction whence the hallooing had come. In about a quarter of an hour Kate returned. She told me that Alice Perry was lying down and seemed well.

"She asked me," said she, "to beg you to forgive her for speaking rudely."

We bade each other good night, and she went to her quarters.

The moon was now glowing with some power; the island had veered on to our quarter, and was just under the moon, like a little dusky cloud, with a faint sheen of greenish radiance trembling under it. I noticed a tiny black spot in the midst of that dim luster, and on pointing my telescope saw it was a canoe; it seemed motionless while I watched, and presently the passage of our ship swept it into the shadow and I lost it.

The scuttle, as the forecastle hatch is called, lay open; I had no thought of prying into the privacy of the girls down there, but, imagining that the lamp was making too strong a light, I stopped and peered into the hatch, and saw Alice Perry seated on the deck writing on the flyleaf of a book, with the forecastle lamp beside her. This was highly improper and dangerous; but as I did not wish to provoke her tongue after what had already passed, I went aft quickly and told one of the girls to run forward and hook the lamp to its lanyard again.

"If Perry resists," said I, "come to me."

When the girl returned, she told me she found the lamp hanging under the beam as usual, and Perry getting into her bunk.

"All right," said I, and went aft, musing on the picture of Perry seated on the deck, and wondering what on earth she had written. It was news, indeed, to discover that the girl could even read. There was a grating over the tiller, and I got upon it to sit and smoke and doze. I was close to the wheel, and needed but to stretch my neck to see the compass card. I was awakened from a short nap by Marshall coming to relieve the helm.

I had borrowed a watch from one of the women, and looking at it by and by found it was midnight. I called out at the top of my voice that it was eight bells; the sleepers awoke, half the watch came out of the cuddy, and the whole wearied lot of them went forward. After a bit three or four girls of the other watch came on to the poop. One of them was Flo' Lewis, who, while approaching the wheel, stopped and peered, and exclaimed:

"Isn't Perry here?"

"No," I answered, going to her. "Marshall's at the wheel."

"Then where's Perry, captain?" said Lewis.

"Isn't she in the forecastle?"

"No."

I walked to the break of the poop and called for Alice Perry. The name was caught up, and shrilly repeated by some girls on the main deck. I said to some one who stood near:

"Run below and tell Miss Darnley that Perry's missing, and ask her to search the 'tween decks."

I then went forward slowly, looking to right and left of me, for the girl had a fierce spirit, and I couldn't guess what hellish intention might be covered by this hiding of herself. I peered warily and eagerly into the darkness about the foremast and galley till I came to the forecastle, where I halted and asked permission to enter. A number of voices called to me to come in.

Thirteen or fourteen young women looking for all the world like stout, well-grown boys in their clothes, were here, a few sitting in their bunks, most of them standing. They were talking about Alice Perry.

"What's become of the girl?" said I. "Are you sure she's not in her bed hidden under a blanket?"

"That's where she sleeps," said one of the women, pointing to a bunk in the fore part of the interior. "I take turn and turn with her in that shelf. Her coat's there."

"Her coat!" I walked to the bunk and picked up the garment, and saw a piece of paper pinned to the sleeve. I brought it to the light, and read, plainly penciled in extraordinary, unformed handwriting, these words:

I kill myself for of I dont I shall kil K. D. let C. M. gess what for I keeps my own Secrait and carries my poor soul before Gord pure.

"She's committed suicide!" I said.

"There now!" shrieked a girl. "I told yer that noise meant the death of one of us."

I walked out and the women followed me, silent with horror. I had scarcely gained the poop when Kate joined me.

"Alice Perry is not in our quarters," she said.

I took her to the binnacle and gave her the paper to read by the lamplight there, and left her while I thoroughly searched the ship.

I called some of the girls to me, and we explored every nook and corner of the cuddy and steerage; I caused the 'tween decks to be searched afresh. I overhauled the forecastle again, looked into the galley, ran aloft, fancying she might be hiding in the tops or crosstrees. Then, knowing quite surely she was not in the ship, I realized what had happened, and how; she had crept through the hatch out of the forecastle, and so got into the head of the ship, and dropped silently overboard!

TO BE CONTINUED.

Coal Known Before the Christian Era.

It is not known when, where and by whom coal was first discovered. The earliest record we have of this mineral is in the writings of Aristotle and of his pupil Theophrastus, a Greek author, who lived about 238 B. C. The latter mentions coal as being found in Liguris and in Elis, on the road to Olympus over the mountains. There is evidence that coal was used in England as early as 852, and, according to Bishop Pudsey (1180), Escomb and Bishopwearmouth were two of the earliest coal mining settlements. Newcastle cove appears to have come into notice about 1234, in which year Henry III granted the inhabitants a charter to dig for it. The Chinese knew of and used coal in the thirteenth century. The earliest reference to coal in Belgium is in 1198, when a blacksmith at Liege is said to have first used it for fuel. Paris received its first coal from Newcastle, in England, in 1520. In Scotland coal was worked as early as the twelfth century.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Wear Highland Dresses.

Queen Victoria insists on her small grandsons wearing Highland dress when they are with her. Even the little girls of the Duke of Connaught wear plaid kilts, Scotch caps and short jackets when they are under the eye of their royal grandmother.

Mr. David M. Jordan.
of Edmeston, N. Y.

Colorless, Emaciated, Helpless

A Complete Cure by HOOD'S SARSAPARILLA.

This is from Mr. D. M. Jordan, a retired farmer, and one of the most respected citizens of Otsego Co., N. Y.

"Fourteen years ago I had an attack of gravel, and have since been troubled with my

Liver and Kidneys

gradually growing worse. Three years ago I was so low that **I could scarcely walk.** I looked more like a corpse than a living being. I had no appetite and for five weeks **I ate nothing but gruel.** I was badly emaciated and had no more color than a **marble statue.** Hood's Sarsaparilla was recommended. Before I had finished the first bottle I noticed that I felt better, suffered less, the **inflammation of the bladder** had subsided, the color began to return to my face, and I **began to feel hungry.** After I had taken three bottles I could eat anything without hurting me. Why, I got so hungry that I had to eat 5 times a day. I have now fully recovered, thanks to

Hood's Sarsaparilla

I feel well and am well. All who know me marvel to see me so well." D. M. JORDAN.

HOOD'S PILLS are the best after-dinner Pills, assist digestion, cure headache.

WORLD'S FAIR MANIA

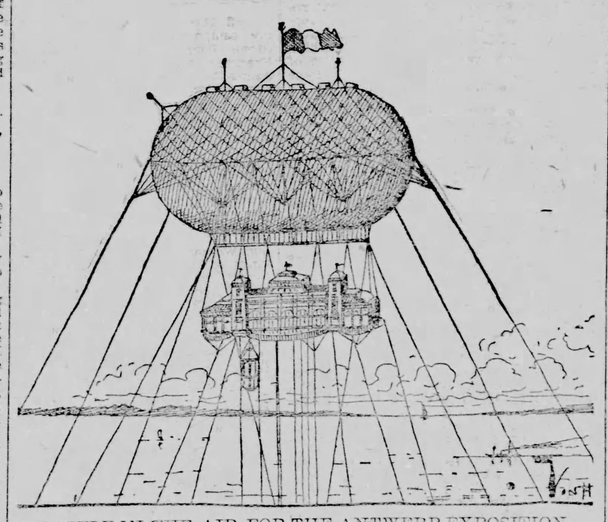
IT HAS TAKEN ROOT IN ALL QUARTERS OF THE GLOBE.

From Egypt to New Zealand—Cairo, Auckland, Rome, Jerusalem and St. Louis on the List.

There is a new microbe in the air against whose ravages no remedy has been suggested nor quarantine regulations declared. It produces a disease known as Exposition Universale, and is highly contagious; to such a degree is it communicable, indeed, that it has already appeared in a more or less violent form in the remotest corners of the globe, where it seems to run its course with the same virulence as in congested cities. Yet it is a fashionable disease that no people who aspire to being clear up to the end of the century would avoid if they could. And like all fashions, it has on it the stamp, "Made in France."

Paris set the fashion in '89 and Chicago set the pace in '93. Therefore, everybody else must follow the one and emulate the other.

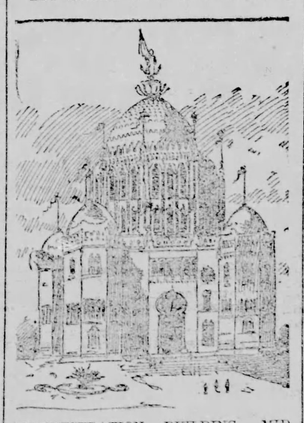
California's mid-winter fair is to be small and select; the buildings are to be just large enough to become jewel caskets for the rarest treasures now in Chicago. And it will have some special features of its own, such as



CASTLE IN THE AIR FOR THE ANTWERP EXPOSITION.

an electric tower, a Hawaiian exhibit and the Vienna Prater.

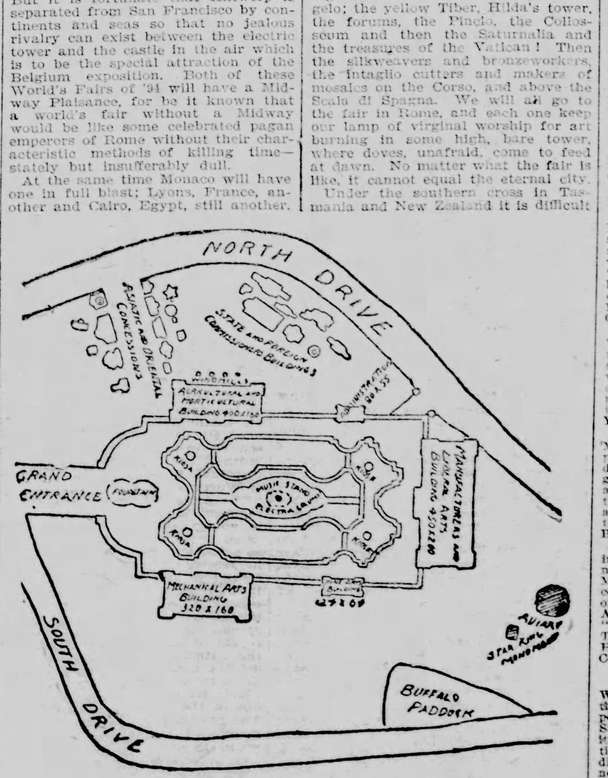
The electric tower is to offset the



ADMINISTRATION BUILDING, MIDWINTER FAIR.

Eiffel tower and the Ferris wheel. But it is fortunate that Antwerp is separated from San Francisco by continents and seas so that no jealous rivalry can exist between the electric tower and the castle in the air which is to be the special attraction of the Belgium exposition. Both of these World's Fairs of '94 will have a Midway Plaisance, for be it known that a world's fair without a Midway would be like some celebrated pagan emperors of Rome without their characteristic methods of killing time—stately but insufferably dull.

At the same time Monaco will have one in full blast; Lyons, France, another and Cairo, Egypt, still another.



GROUND PLAN OF THE SAN FRANCISCO MIDWINTER FAIR.

In May the Belgian exposition opens in Antwerp and Brussels, and in April of '94 will be opened an exposition, both international and universal, in Madrid, Spain, in honor of the man created admiral of the ocean sea by Isabella of Castile.

With the winter of 1894 and 1895 the epidemic will move southward to the eternal city and under the southern cross. For Rome, the ancient mistress of the world, will hold her exhibit of early art and latest electricity on the banks of the Tiber, while Hobart, Tasmania, and Auckland, New Zealand, will solicit emigration to a new land by a display of the products of a virgin soil.

London in '96. No one knows what for, in what locality nor to what extent. Possibly to celebrate the granting of home rule to Ireland or the final dissolution of the house of lords. But in the same year Hungary at its capital, Buda-Pesth, will celebrate the one thousandth anniversary of Hungarian nationality. In '97 Constantinople is to have its innings—a universal exposition of its joy that the Russian Bear has not yet swallowed the Golden Horn—if it has not by that time.

Then the world is to take a rest of three years, long enough to get its breath for the Paris exposition universale of 1900. The world of fashion and leisure will plunge in the dissipations of the French capital and then join in such a pilgrimage to the holy sepulchre as has not been seen since the middle ages. For the nineteen hundredth anniversary of the birth of Christ is to be celebrated at Jerusalem.

It is a far cry from Jerusalem to St. Louis, but doubtless the exposition inebriate will find his way to the latter place in 1903 to help celebrate the 100th anniversary of the Louisiana purchase. Then, after four years' rest, he may go to Washington for the 300th anniversary of the settlement of Jamestown; to New York in 1909 to join in the rejoicings over the discovery of the Hudson river, and to Boston in 1920 to return thanks for the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.

These are all that are projected or suggested up to date, but there is a man living in New Jersey who apparently has no other object in living than to inflict world's fairs on his generation.

Since the erection of the Eiffel tower and the Ferris wheel, every projector of a world's fair must endow it with a curiosity of construction. So Belgian engineers put on their thinking-caps, each one anxious to become famous. The man who imagined a castle in the air, just what all humanity has been building of hopes and dreams since time immemorial, has captured the prize. This castle in the air, however, is to be made of steel, aluminum, bamboo, silk and galvanized iron. And though it will look to be of the gossamer stuff of which dreams are made, yet it will weigh sixteen tons, require four steel cables to anchor it to terra firma and two balloons to buoy it up to the realm of fancy. At night it is to be lighted up with 5,000 Edison arc lights, and, as the cables will be invisible, it will be a very curious and beautiful spectacle.

One of the features of the Belgian exposition is the promised renaissance of the sixteenth century. Flemish architecture in the main buildings, just as San Francisco promises to have some fine examples of Moorish and early Spanish designs, a style perpetuated in the Leland Stanford, jr., university buildings.

It is hard to say what Monaco, its hereditary prince, or the stranger within the gates wants of an exposition. Lyons, France, can make very good use of one, if only to lure the tourist from the Riviera to its beautiful park, the Tete d'Or, where, under a vast cupola, 53,600 meters square, will be gathered the products of the world.

Egypt and her bald young Khedive announce openly that they want a world's fair in order to stimulate native art and manufactures. Now, the only art the Egyptians excel in is the making of bogus mummies and scarabaei, and surely the world doesn't want those in any great extent, though in the event of an exposition the serpent of old Nile may still beguile a few more purchasers.

But Rome! We all need only an excuse for going to Rome. And a fair on the Tiber near Porte Milvio, with a view of the Sabine hills, not a mile from Porta del Popolo, the dome of St. Peter's and the noon gun booming out from the castle of San Angelo; the yellow Tiber, Hilda's tower, the forums, the Pincio, the Colosseum and then the Saturnalia and the treasures of the Vatican! Then the silkweavers and bronzeworkers, the intaglio cutters and makers of mosaics on the Corso, and above the Scala di Spagna. We will all go to the fair in Rome, and each one keep our lamp of virginal worship for art burning in some high, bare tower, where doves, unafraid, come to feed at dawn. No matter what the fair is like, it cannot equal the eternal city.

Under the southern cross in Tasmania and New Zealand it is difficult to imagine the attraction. The day may come when the New Zealander will sit on London bridge and view

I. HAKKY BEY.
(Commissioner General of the Turkish Exposition.)

the ruins of St. Paul's Cathedral, but in '93 London will still be one of the capitals of the earth and an international exposition there will draw countless throngs. Then the world's fair enthusiast must leave the beaten path and follow Mr. and Mrs. Pennell on bicycles, in caravans, on boats, across the wide plains of Hungary, lured on by the wild, melancholy music of the Magyar gypsies—the Czardas. This will be to see Buda Pesth, the capital of a country a thousand years old in independence, oriental in appearance, occidental in

ALFRED PICARD.
(Commission General of the Paris Exposition.)

spirit; that will be something to see. And a Finno-Ugrian race of peasants, who have the Kalevala mixed with their catholicism and the Czardas that made the Pennells weep—weep while in cycling dress and drinking Hungarian beer—that will be something to hear.

On to Constantinople—perhaps the advance guard of the Russian army. At least the oriental still exists in the orient, and this may be the last opportunity to see him and buy his wares before the Slav obliterates him and absorbs the product of his devout Mohammedism. Then back to Paris in 1900, with the galleries of the Tuileries to ramble in for a frane, and all the refinements of luxury and dissipation to revel in. A pilgrimage to Jerusalem would then be in order for a moral and physical rejuvenation. There would be reproduced the scenes of the life and passion of Christ, the sacred relics, the tomb. Christendom will be ransacked and scarcely a church but will make its offering. The world's parliament of religions leads one to hope that all nations may join in this twentieth century pilgrimage to the holy sepulchre.

NORA MARKS.

RECENT LITERATURE.

Latest Volumes to be Found on the Blade Book Table.

"The Prince of India," the new story from the pen of Gen. Lew Wallace, which is published by Harper & Brothers, New York city, is fascinating in style and in plot. He has taken one of the most interesting epochs of history for the time, and historical personages for his characters. The fall of Constantinople into the hands of the Turks forms the groundwork of the tale. The reader becomes so strongly attached to the ill-starred emperor that his defeat is a real grief, at the same time that the noble Mohammed wins his favor. It is said that the impassioned sermon of the young monk, Orcinus, delivered from the pulpit of St. Sophia, is Gen. Wallace's own confession of faith. Harper & Brothers, New York city.

"A History of the Roman Empire," from its foundation to the death of Marcus Aurelius, 27 B. C.-180 A. D., by J. B. Bury, is published by the Harpers. It is intended for use in English schools and colleges. It covers a very important period in Roman history which has been little studied. The work is well illustrated and divided into chapters and subjects to adapt it to the classroom. With its maps and illustrations it makes up a very complete book of its kind, and covers a gap strangely between "Smith's Student's Rome"—"The Students' Gibbon."

Harper's half-crown edition of Wm. Black's novels now includes twenty-two volumes, the last book issued being "In Far Lochaber." Five more stories will complete the set. As the books present a new appearance and are sold at a price which puts them within the reach of most book-buyers, this edition of the novelist will undoubtedly prove a popular one. Harper & Brothers, New York city.

"Sunday" is a quarto volume of stories for the young, by eminent clergymen of various kinds, etc., which is published by E. and J. B. Young & Co., Fourth avenue, New York city. It is made up of contributions from seven different persons, contains upwards of 250 original illustrations, and altogether makes an attractive gift book for the young folks for the holidays.

In "Annie Leslie at The Fair," the author in vivacious, terse and fine descriptive manner relates the many features of the Queen City. There is nothing, perhaps, that would nearer approach a personal visit to the Fair than reading Amy Leslie's account of it, and to those who have been there themselves and enjoyed the pleasures of a personal inspection, what she has to say on the subject will prove delightfully refreshing and will recall to mind many interesting incidents and reminiscences. For sale by W. B. Conkey Co., publishers, 341 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.

"The Religions of the World" contains a condensed report of the important speeches made and papers read at the World's Fair Parliament of Religions. The introduction by Dwight Baldwin is very fine, and is beautifully written. Latin Historical Society, 501 Owing's

"Marking the Boundary," by E. E. Billings, and illustrated by John Henderson Garnsey, is a pretty story for boys, abounding in all the exciting situations which involves "buffaloes," "Indians" and "camping out." The author writes tersely and vivaciously in a manner which cannot but draw to him every boyish heart. The Price-Mellill Company, 465 Cedar street, St. Paul, Minn.

The last book added to the Handy Volume Classics is Ludovic Halevy's beautiful story, "The Abbe Constantin." This attractive series is sure to be a favorite with those desiring something new and dainty for gifts and with the general reader or student who prefers his reading in small companionable volumes. Thomas Y. Crowell & Co., Pub., Boston.

The latest edition of Victor Hugo's "Les Miserables" is published in two volumes, printed on fine paper and neatly and durably bound in Library style. With their general attractiveness these volumes serve admirably for those who desire to have the best literature in first-class editions, and at a price which brings it within the reach of all. Crowell & Co., Pub., Boston.

Few writers of romance can condense into short story more than Owan Doyle, in the volume before us, "My Friend, the Murderer," the publishers send out a dozen complete short stories, which include many of his best. Among them are: "A Night Among the Nihilists," "Selecting a Ghost," "The Silver Hatchet," "The American's Tale," and "Bones, the April Fool of Harver's Sluice," etc. Lovell, Coryell & Co., Pub., New York.

Ask Your Friends

Who have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla what they think of it, and the replies will be positive in its favor. Simply what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit. One has been cured of indigestion or dyspepsia, another finds it's indispensable for sick headache or biliousness, while others report remarkable cures of scrofula, catarrh, rheumatism, salt rheum, etc.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable.

How the Vanderbilts Entertain.

There is a curious difference in the way in which the various members of the Vanderbilt family elect to entertain the world at large. Mrs. Fred gives a succession of house parties, but neither she nor her husband cares for formal affairs. Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, on the other hand, delights in the most gorgeous of entertainments or dinners for a chosen few, but never has house parties of any size at Newport. At Oakdale, W. K. Vanderbilt's country seat on Long Island, they entertain in that way, but nowhere else. Mr. and Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, it is evident, intend when their period of mourning is past to launch into the social world very extensively. Miss Vanderbilt, who has not as yet made her formal debut, is a great favorite, and has any number of friends among the girls as well as the men. George Vanderbilt delights in informal affairs of all kinds, and is voted the guest par excellence for a picnic or any sort of jolly spree.—New York Herald.

Clever at Mathematics.

Mamma—Robbie, how many times have I told you that you cannot have two pieces of pie?

Robbie—I don't know, unless you can tell me how often we've had pie. —Chicago Inter Ocean.

Not Much of a Change.

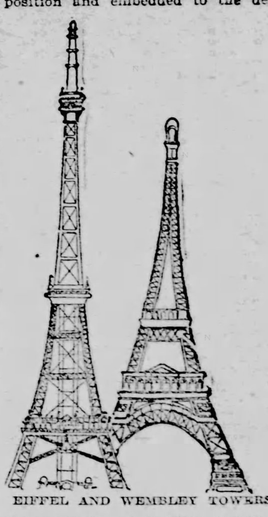
Philadelphia Call:—Mr. Teller may yet go down into posterity as Mr. Talker.

IT OUTDOES EIFFEL'S TOWER.

Monstrous Structure Now Going Up in a Suburb of London.

At Wembley park, a suburb of London, there is now in process of construction a tower whose summit will be 1,300 feet above the level of the sea. In height it will eclipse the famous erection of M. Eiffel by 175 feet, the respective altitudes being as 1,150 to 975. The knoll on which it stands is 165 feet above the sea level, and senses may well reel at the attempt to realize the glorious and expansive view which will be available from the top. There will be three platforms to the tower, at intervening altitudes of 150 feet, 500 feet and 950 feet respectively. The area of the first will be about 200 feet square, and it will be covered by a concert hall, shops, restaurants and sideshows of various kinds. There will be like erections on the second platform, but on a lesser scale, and on the third a postoffice with telephonic communication will be the leading feature. If the amount of business transacted on the highest stage of the Eiffel tower be any criterion the postmaster general will have no cause to complain of an unremunerative branch, while the patriotism of its patrons will be gratified by the circumstance that this stage is to be 40 feet higher than the loftiest which the Parisian erection can boast. Crowning all will be an electric lamp of extraordinary illuminating power.

The entire tower will weigh about seven thousand five hundred tons and each of its colossal legs will stand on a solid rock of concrete, already in position and embedded to the depth



EIFFEL AND WEMBLEY TOWERS.

of seventy-five feet. This weight is much lighter than that of the Eiffel tower, but Sir Benjamin Baker, who built the great Forth bridge, is superintending the work and may be safely trusted to make the structure perfectly strong and safe.

The four legs are already a third of the way up to the first platform. They stand at the corners of a square of 300 feet base, within which four elevators—two up and two down—will work and will be able, if required to carry as many as 60,000 persons in a day. The tower will be entirely of steel. The first platform is under contract to be finished by November, but no date has been fixed for the execution of the entire work, though that consummation may possibly be witnessed by the end of 1894.

THIS IS NON-PROFESSIONAL.

Tired William—I was not always this way, madam. Up to recently I was a member of the theatrical profession.

Lady of the House—What part did you take?

Tired William—I was understudy to the sleeping beauty.—Judge.

Some are playing to their surprise,
To houses "crowded from pit to dome,"
And some are counting the railroad ties,
Pursuing their wearisome journey home.

—Boston Courier.

Mrs. Parvenu—Do you enjoy opera?

Mrs. Nurich (who has a box for the season)—Very much, if it weren't for the horrid playing and singing they keep up on the stage.—Chicago Record.

Dukane—"The high theater hat must go."

Gaswell—"It is going."

"Glad to hear it."

"Yes, it is going to the theater every evening."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

Mother—How handsome you are growing.

Daughter—Do you think so?

Mother—Undoubtedly. You will fascinate a millionaire one of these days.

Daughter—I do not think so.

Mother—Why not?

Daughter—Because I have no intention of going on the stage.—Boston Courier.

"Sweetly's wife seems to care very little for opera."

"I've thought that, too. I've seen her sit through a whole evening without speaking, except between the acts."—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

Mrs. Brown Jones—I believe the arrangements for the opera season have been completed.

Mrs. Brown Jones—Yes? What it to be worn?—Vogue.

"Ballet girls are seldom seen in society," says a correspondent. That's true, for we see less of them off the stage than on.—Boston Courier.

SECURITY OF DESOLATION.

He who hath seen his grainfields gather blight
Heeds not the withering of the garden flowers:
He grieves not at the day's withdrawing light
Who in a dungeon numbers his dim hours:
He feareth not the storm upon his head,
Whose garments with the rough salt wave are soaked,
And he whose fire within his house is dead,
Into the outer air will go uncloaked!
So he whose life some weak, loved hand has taken,
Flies not the shaft of banded myrmidon,
Nor trembles when his citadel is shaken;
Forestasting all, he hath no more to shun:
The Night, the Cold, the Dearth, the Wound Obscure,
That men call Death, unmoved he shall endure!

—Edith M. Thomas, in Scribner's.

An Enviable Distinction.

It will be observed that all the silver senators put the blame for their misfortune on President Cleveland. This is a proud decoration, and it appears to have been earned.—Boston Herald.

THE WEAKEST SPOT in your whole system, perhaps, is the liver. If that doesn't do its work of purifying the blood, more troubles come from it than you can remember.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery acts upon this weak spot as nothing else can. It rouses it up to healthy, natural action. By thoroughly purifying the blood, it reaches, builds up, and invigorates every part of the system.

For all diseases that depend on the liver or the blood—Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Biliousness; every form of Scrofula, even Consumption (or Lung-scrofula) in its earlier stages; and the most stubborn Skin and Scalp Diseases, the "Discovery" is the *only* remedy so unfailing and effective that it can be *guaranteed.*

If it doesn't benefit or cure, you have your money back.

On these terms, it's an insult to your intelligence to have something else offered as "just as good."

The Farmstead.

INFORMATION WANTED.

Herd's Grass—White Clover.

M. I. L., Massachusetts: Yes, Herd's grass, or agrostis vulgaris, will crowd out clover. Herd's grass is a perennial, and grows to the height of two or three feet, from creeping root stalks which interlace so as to make a firmer sod. It grows well on hill tops, and their sides, in ditches, gullies and marshes, but it flourishes best in wet, swampy meadows, where its interlacing thick roots make a firm sward. It is extensively cultivated and is considered a valuable grass. During warm spells in winter it furnishes considerable grazing, and in spring and summer it gives an abundant supply of grazing. It possesses good hay qualities, but should not be allowed to run to seed either for grazing or hay. It should be grazed closely. As hay, cattle relish it. It grows taller in the Southern states than farther north. You say you have a lot of white clover which you wish to be Herd's grass. This is impossible. White clover will always be white clover, and Herd's grass Herd's grass. They are distinct species and will not assimilate. White clover is a perennial, which takes root strongly at the joints. It is said to be the shamrock of Ireland. It is a native of Europe and Northern Asia. It prospers on mellow land containing lime, and on all soils rich in humus, from marl to gravelly clay. It does better on poor land than red clover. It produces but little grazing in spring, and is practically useless for hay, being so dwarfed. Yet it forms an essential constituent of many good pastures. It is easy to secure patches of white clover by scattering seed in early spring on bare places and brushing it in. It will not thrive in damp soils, like Herd's grass. Cattle eat it with a relish, but it is of less value for milk production than of flesh. It is excellent for fattening sheep.

Laminitis, or Founder.

R. R. C., Michigan: As your horse has had the disease for a month of time, it is doubtful if a permanent cure can be expected. First examine the feet for corns. If not found, have your smith open up the heels well and shoe him carefully. The inflammatory condition of the laminal require very great care in adjusting the shoe to the foot. Apply the following to the hoof about one inch down from the coronet, to toe, all around: Rosin, 4 ozs.; lard, 8 ozs.; heat them over a slow fire; then take off and add powdered verdigris, 1 oz., and stir it well to prevent its running over. When partly cold add 2 ozs. spirits of turpentine. When absorption of the outer edge of the coffin soon takes place there is but little hope for a cure. tThe above treatment, if the disease has not advanced too far, may do good.

Disease in Lambs.

J. L. I., Kansas.:—Your description of the disease with which your lambs are affected is so meager that the editor cannot form an intelligent opinion regarding it. Liver-rot is not at all times confined to sheep that pasture on low lands, although most of this trouble, which is very great in England and Australia at times, appear in sheep that graze on low land. In healthy sheep, the membrane that covers the eyeball in front is bright red. When the animal is affected with the liver flush, or rot, the membrane is pale and the eyeball yellowish. Dropsy appears as the disease advances, and a watery bag or tumor appears beneath the lower jaws. The fluke is a sucking worm, flat and oval-shaped. Hay from low ground will communicate the disease. No medicine will cure the disease, but it may be prevented. The animals should be supplied with plenty of salt, and they should be kept away from ponds or sluggish streams. Give fresh water. Mr. Stewart recommends this: Saltpetre, 1-2 oz.; powdered ginger, 1 oz.; carbonate of iron, 1-2 oz.; salt, 1 lb; boiling water, 3 qts. Mix and when nearly cool, add 9 ozs. spirits turpentine. Put in quart bottles for use. Shake well before giving the medicine. "Infected sheep should be kept from food at night, and on the following morning, before feeding, give each sheep a full wineglass full of the mixture by means of a horn. Repeat every fourth day for two weeks. Give no food for three hours after the medicine is taken." Very likely your lambs are affected with the hoose—a disease resulting from the presence in the windpipe, bronchi and bowels of a worm—strongulus filaria. To cure the disease, keep the lambs on dry ground and out of rain. Give all the salt they want. Place the animals in a roomy, closed shed or stable, and burn the following in the center of the shed: Flowers of sulphur, 1-2 lb; wood tar, 1 qt. This will disinfect a shed 100 feet long and 20 feet wide. Fumigate every third day for four times. Do not make this mixture so strong as to cause the lambs to cough violently.

Strangles in Horse.

D. M. V. D., Michigan:—Your horse has a disease known as strangles. As the affected part has broken and discharged pus, the worst is over. Sometimes this is a serious disease. It is more prevalent among young than old animals. The best thing you can now do will be to poultice the throat for two or three nights with linseed meal poultice. Wash the part carefully with soap and warm water, and wrap a wide band around the neck. Keep the horse away from draughts of air on chilly days. Give him 3-4 oz. of saltpetre, ordered in drinking water, twice a day for five days. This will be all that will be necessary to bring him around all right. If proud flesh appears, sprinkle a little burnt alum on it, or touch it with a stick of lunar caustic. The disease is infectious, and your other horse is no doubt developing strangles. Keep him in a comfortable stall. Give a warm bran mash every other day for a week. Pour hot water on a peck of bran in a bucket and let him inhale the steam. Poultice the throat, and when the part "points," or "comes to a head," it may be lanced. Then poultice and carry out instructions given for horse already on the way to recovery. Give 1 oz. pulverized saltpetre in drinking water once a day for five days.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Fungus Plants.

Editor Blade Farmstead:—Seeing an invitation in The Blade of October 26 for contributions to the Farmstead, by those having experience, and having had a long experience in agricultural and horticultural pursuits, it will be a pleasure to me to contribute some of this experience to the readers of The Blade.

That the scab on potatoes, mould on cheese, bread and fruit as well as smut on grain is a fungoid plant parasite, is well established. As these microscopic plants draw their nourishment entirely from the thing to which they are attached by their roots, it stands to reason, whatever is so infested, must be inferior in value. Hence the importance of a remedy. For the potato scab, which is very prevalent in many parts of the country a small handful of strong wood ashes put into each hill at the time of planting, will be found efficacious in preventing the scab, as well as increasing the quantity and quality of the potato. Dry wood ashes thrown into shrubbery and tops of fruit trees, will clean them of these pests. For the scale and wooley aphis, so destructive to fruit trees in California, I found common whitewash with a sprinkling of ashes and salt in it, an excellent remedy. When the aphis gets to the roots of the tree, causing knotty protuberances wood ashes and dry fine quick lime applied to the roots proved destructive to them and beneficial to the tree.

It is said the reason of these microscopic leaves of these plants being of different colors, brown, yellow and black is, they do not draw any of their nourishment through their leaves, as the air in such a case would turn them green like most leaves.—J. S. Tibbets, Michigan. (Mr. Tibbets has given a valuable contribution, and shows that he is willing to give something of benefit to agriculturists as well as horticulturists. There are thousands of readers of The Blade who could do much good by writing for The Blade Farmstead. The editor extends an invitation to all.—Ed.)

MISCELLANEOUS.

High-Priced Eggs.

Talk about high-priced eggs, indeed! Do you think those of extinct feathered monstrosities alone bring startling figures? Why, amonk living birds a well-marked set of the red-necked grosbeak are worth anywhere between $1,500 and $2,000! At a recent London sale of zoological rarities, two fine specimens of golden eagle eggs brought $75, and one egg of the small-tailed kite, $15. As long ago as 1830, a set of two eggs of the black sand grouse, an Asiatic species, was bid up at auction in the British metropolis to $600. When you talk of high prices for fowl fruit, please remember these.—Rural New Yorker.

Malting Wheat.

A malt house in Western New York is reported to have started up the season's business by malting whe

Talmage's Sermon.

EVILS OF A MODERN POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.

Principles Which Should Actuate Citizens When They Exercise the Right of Suffrage.

In his sermon this week, Rev. Dr. Talmage touched on a topic which is just now uppermost, while the agitation in political circles is raging in all parts of the land. The sermon is pertinent and useful, and is based on the text: Acts xix, 32. "Some therefore cried one thing, and some another; for the assembly was confused; and the more part knew not wherefore they were come together. And they drew Alexander out of the multitude, the Jews pulling him forward. And Alexander beckoned with the hand, and would have made his defense unto the people. But when they knew that he was a Jew, all with one voice about the space of two hours cried out, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians."

Ephesus was upside down. It was about the silver question. A manufacturer of silver boxes for holding heathen images had called his laborers together to discuss the behavior of one Paul, who had been in public places assaulting image worship, and consequently very much damaging that particular business. There was great excitement in the city. People stood in knots along the streets, violently gesticulating, and calling each other hard names. Some of the people favored the policy of the silversmith; other people favored the policy of Paul. There were great moral questions involved; but these did not bother with them at all. The only question about which they seemed to be interested was concerning the wages and the salaried positions. The silversmith and his compeers had put up factories at great expense for the making of these silver boxes, and now, if this new policy is to be inaugurated, the business will go down, the laborers will be thrown out of employment, and the whole city will suffer. Well, what is to be done? "Call a convention," says some one; for in all ages a convention has been a panacea for public evils. The convention is called, and, as they want the largest room in the city, they take the theater. Having there assembled, they all want to get the floor, and they all want to talk at once. You know what excitement that makes in a convention, where a great many people want to talk at once. Some cried one thing, some cried another. Some wanted to denounce, some wanted to resolve. After a while a prominent man gets the floor, and he begins to speak; but they very soon hiss him down, and then the confusion rises into worse uproar, and they begin to shout, all of them together, and they keep on until they are red in face and hoarse in the throat, for two long hours crying out, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians! Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"

The whole scene reminds me of the excitement we have almost every autumn at the elections. While that goddess Diana has lost her worshipers, and her temples have gone into dust, our American people want to set up a god in place of it, and they want us all to bow down before it; and that god is political party. Considering our superior civilization, I have to declare to you that the Ephesian idolatry was less offensive in the sight of God than is this all-absorbing American partisanship.

While there are honest men, true men, Christian men, who stand in both political parties, and who come into the autumnal elections resolving to serve their city or their state or the nation in the best possible way, I have noticed also that with many it is a mere contest between the ins and the outs—those who are trying to stay in and keep the outs out, and those who are out trying to get in and thrust the ins out. And one party cries, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" and the other party cries "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" neither of them honest enought to say, "Great is my pocketbook!"

First, set yourself against all political falsehood. The most monstrous lies ever told in this country are during the elections. I stop at the door of a Democratic meeting and listen, and hear that the Republicans are liars. I stop at the door of a Republican meeting and listen and hear that the Democrats are scoundrels. Our public men microscopized, and the truth distorted. Who believes a tenth part of what he hears or reads in the autumnal elections? Men, who, at other seasons of the year, are very careful in their speech become peddlers of scandal.

In the far East there is a place where, once a year, they let the people do as they please, and the place is full of uproar, misrule and wickedness, and they call it the "Devil's day." The nearest approximation to that in this country has been the first Tuesday in November. The community at such times seems to say, "Go to, now; let us have a good time at lying. Prominent candidates for office are denounced as unprincipled and renegade. A smart lie will start in the morning of a country newspaper, and keep on running until it has captured the printing presses of the whole continent. What garbling of speeches! What misrepresentation of individual antecedents! The trouble is that we have in this country two great manufactories—manufactories of lies—the Republican manufactory of lies and the Democratic manufactory of lies—and they are run day and night, and they turn out half a dozen a day, all equipped and ready for full sailing. Large lies and small lies. Lies private and lies public, and lies prurient. Lies cut bias and lies cut diagonal. Long-limbed lies and lies with double-back action. Lies complimentary and lies defamatory. Lies that some people believe, and lies that all the people believe, and lies that nobody believes. Lies, with humps like camels and scales like crocodiles and necks as long as storks, and feet as swift as an antelope's, and stings like an adder. Lies raw and scalloped and panned and stewed. Crawling lies and jumping lies. Lies with attachment screws and rufflers and braiders and ready-wound bobbins. Lies by Christian people who never lie except during elections, and lies by people who always lie, but beat themselves in a political campaign.

I confess I am ashamed to have a foreigner visit this country in these times. I should think that he would stand dazed, and dare not go out nights! What will the hundreds of thousands of foreigners who come here to live think of us? What a disgust they must have for the land of their adoption! The only good thing about it is that many of them cannot understand the English language. But I suppose the German, and Italian, and Swedish, and French papers translate it all, and peddle out the infernal stuff to their subscribers.

Again, I counsel you as Christian men to set yourselves against the misuse of money in political campaigns. Of the thousands of dollars already spent this autumn, how much of the amount do you suppose has been properly used? You have a right to spend money for the publishing of political tracts, for the establishment of organizations for the carrying out of what you consider to be the best; you have a right to appeal to the reason of men by argument and statistics, and by facts. Printing and renting of public halls and political meetings cost money, but he who puts a bribe into the hands of a voter or piles weak men with mercenary and corrupt motives, commits a sin against God and the nation. Bribery is one of the most appalling sins of this country. God says, "Fire shall consume the tabernacles of bribery!" Have nothing to do with such a sin, O Christian man! Fling it from the ballot box. Hand over to the police the man who attempts to tamper with your vote, and remember that elections that cannot be carried without bribes ought never to be carried at all. Again, I ask you as Christian men to set yourself against the dissipations that hover over the ballot-box.

How many mighty intellects have gone down under the dissipation of politics! I think of one who came from the West. He was able to stand out against the whole American Senate. God had given him faculties enough to govern a kingdom, or to frame a constitution. His voice was terrible to his country's enemies and a mighty inspiration in the day of national peril. But twenty glasses of strong drink a day were his usual allowance, and he went down into the habits of a confirmed inebriate. Alas for him! Though a costly monument has been reared over his resting-place, the young men of the country shall not be denied the awful lesson that the agency by which the world was robbed of one of its ablest constitutional defenders, was the dissipation of political life. You want to know who I mean? Young man, ask your father when you get home. The adverse tide is fearful, and I warn you against it!

You need not go far off to find the wornout politician. Here he is, stumbling along the highway, his limbs hardly able to hold him up. Eyes sunken and pale with exhausting sickness. Surly to anybody who accosts him. His last decent article of apparel pawned for strong drink. Glad if, when going to a grocery, some low acquaintance invites him to take a sip of ale, and then wiping his lips with his greasy sleeve. Kicked off the steps by men who once were proud to be his constituents. Manhood obliterated. Lip blistered with a curse. Scars of brutal assault on cheek and brow. Foul-mouthed. A crouching, staggering, wheezing wretch. No friends. No God. No hope. No heaven. That is your worn-out politician. That is what some of you will become unless by this morning's warning and the mercy of God your steps are arrested. Oh, there are no words enough potent, enough protentous, enough consuming, enough damning, to describe the horrible drunkenness that has rolled over this land, and that has bent down the necks of some of the mightiest intellects, until they have been compelled to drink out of the trough of bestiality and abomination! I warn young men against political life, unless they are teetotalers and consecrated Christian men.

Next Tuesday questions of the state will be settled; but there comes a day when the questions of eternity will be decided. You may vote right, and get a victory at the ballot-box, and yet suffer eternal defeat. After you have cast your last vote, where will you go to? In this country there are two parties. You belong to one or the other of them. Likewise in eternity there will be two parties, and only two. "These shall go into everlasting punishment, but the righteous into life eternal." To which party will you belong? God grant that, while you look after the welfare of the land in which God has graciously cast your lot you may not forget to look after your soul—blood-bought, judgment-bound, immortal! God save the people!

Positive and Negative.

The Race Question is unsettled. But it is settled that Hood's Sarsaparilla leads all remedies.

Disease marches through all lands. But good health blesses all who take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Dyspepsia is a great foe of the human race. But Hood's Sarsaparilla puts it to flight.

Scrofula is one of the most terrible of diseases. But Hood's Sarsaparilla expels it from the system.

The people of this day, like Job, suffer from boils. But Hood's Sarsaparilla is a sovereign remedy for them.

Catarrh is one of the most disagreeable disorders. But Hood's Sarsaparilla is sure to relieve and cure it.

Rheumatism racks the system like a thumb-screw. But it retreats before the power of Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Loss of appetite leads to melancholia. But Hood's Sarsaparilla makes the palate-coaxer tickle the palate.

Life is short, and time is fleeting, but Hood's Sarsaparilla will bless humanity as the ages roll on.

FUNNY CHILDREN.

At the dinner-table the other day Mrs. C. remarked that the washerwoman (it being wash-day) had such a severe headache she could hardly hold up her head. Little Woodford, the bright little grandson of two and a half years, looked up and said: "Grandma, put on the checkrein."

Helen was restless and longing for something to do. Her mother mentioned one or two amusements, but they did not seem to fit her case. At last she offered her some "brownie" wrapping-paper, but the suggestion that she cut out the figures and imagine them to be idols brought forth the indignant reply: "Idols! Well! The Bible says that it is just as wicked as it can be, and I won't have any dolls worshiping idols!"

Robby was lying upon the lounge not feeling very well that day. He became tired of staying there alone, and complained that he wanted some one "to visit him." His Uncle John sat down by him, and offered to amuse him, but he answered petulantly, "Oh, I don't want you, I want somebody with dresses on!"

The same little fellow, visiting in the country at his Uncle John's, found much entertainment in watching, through an open barn-door, the horses treading a threshing-machine. He had been forbidden to go into the barn, and so sat by the hoop in front of the machine watching the nodding heads of the horses. Forgetting the commands laid upon him, he slipped into the barn at last. When asked to explain what he was doing there, he said: "Oh, I just went in to see their hind legs go a little while."

Walcott, a dear little three-year-old, who when he is good is very good, and when he is bad is horrid, is usually overwhelmed with remorse after his various misdemeanors. One evening when his papa came home from the office the little man, with a burden on his conscience, walked up to him and said: "Papa, I have been a naughty boy to-day. I was not good to my mamma; please spank me."

The Word Tawdry.

Tawdry came from St. Audrey. In old times there was an annual fair in several cities of Europe on St. Audrey's day. Incautious persons were frequently imposed on at these fairs by worthless tinsel jewelry, hence the saying "Bought at Audreys," was equivalent to show without value.

Good Nature.

He was walking on his uppers, was the philosophic man,
But no never let a sign of grief appear;
For he simply said, according to his philosophic plan,
"Why, I haven't felt so foot-loose in a year!"

—Exchange.

A Forced Occupation.

"Haven't seen you for an age, Charlie?"

"No; I've changed my business."

"What are you now?"

"Floorwalker. It's twins."—Detroit Free Press.

Question Bureau.

Rules.—1.—Real name and address must be written with every question. 2.—Only one question at a time. 3.—Don't ask for addresses of persons, or of firms, nor where to buy or sell anything, for such answers are free advertising. 4.—Don't ask about the reliability of any person or firm. 5.—We reserve the right to reject any question whose answer would not be of general interest; and will answer no mathematical problems, questions of law, etc. 6.—No answers by mail.

Colored Appointees.

D. L. T., Nashville, Tenn.: The only colored men who were appointed to office by Cleveland were three: C. H. J. Taylor, who was appointed minister to Bolivia, is a colored man, and objection was made in the Senate to his confirmation upon the ground that it was not politic to send him to a country populated by others than those of his own race. The second colored man whose nomination failed of confirmation was H. C. C. Astwood, who was appointed consul to Calais, France. Neither Taylor's or Astwood's nomination was reported by the committees which had them under consideration. Whether Mr. Cleveland will reappoint them when Congress convenes in December remains to be seen. The third was appointed to a consulate, but we have lost record of his name.

The 10 Per Cent Tax.

A. E. M., Hammond, Ind.: When the national banking law was passed, the banks already organized under state authority were slow to change to the new system. In order to facilitate this change, and cause a large market for our bonds—every bank having to buy them to deposit to secure circulation—and as the bonds were selling very slowly, and the government was in sore need of money, an amendment was added to the national banking act, which imposes a tax of 10 per cent annually on the bank notes of any bank, not national, which issues notes to be used as money. Congress has no power to prevent state banks from issuing notes, but it has full power to tax them on their circulation. This tax is prohibitory, and the banks rapidly reorganized under the national banking act.

A Pension Question.

J. C., Carbondale, Colo., asks: "I am an applicant for pension. My attorney writes me that he cannot find my name on the rolls at the War department, as I spell it. My name may have been spelled wrong in mustering in or out of the service. Can you give me any information that would be of any service in the matter?"

Write a letter to the "Adjutant General, Albany, New York," stating all the facts, giving your name and service, date of enlistment, etc., very plainly, and ask him if your name can be found on the muster rolls on file in his office.

The Blade.

R. T., Sidney, Ill.: The Toledo Blade was founded early in 1836, when this city was but a village. It was, of course, a weekly. On May 11, 1846, the Tri-Weekly Blade was started in addition; and on April 17, 1848, the Daily Blade first saw the light. The tri-weekly edition was afterward consolidated with the weekly, and both Weekly and Daily have been published continuously since they were founded.

Elsewhere in this paper will be found a portrait and sketch of Mr. Hosmer, the first editor of the Daily Blade.

Is It True?

D. E. B., Alliance, W. Va., writes: "If you suspend a gold ring by a silk thread wrapped around your first finger, so that the ring is a half inch above a table, and then slip two or three silver coins under it, keeping your hand from your finger, the ring will swing to and from you. Then join the thumb and finger and the ring will swing sidewise instead of to and from you. Please explain why the ring swings first one way then another?"

We submit the problem to those who are enough interested in it to solve it.

Two Punctuation Marks.

J. P. S., Aman's Store, N. C.: Before the invention of printing, when books were written by hand, the scribes used a vast array of queer abbreviations, and the interrogation point (?) and exclamation point (!) are survivals of two of these. The interrogation mark is derived from the script letter Q, used as the abbreviation of the Latin word "quaestio," meaning "a question." The exclamation point is merely the Greek interjection "Io," the o written under the I, and changed into a dot.

The 19th Century.

A. S., Gillett, Wis., asks "why this is called the 19th century instead of the 18th?" Because it is the 19th century, which will not be completed until Dec. 31, A. D. 1900. It was the first century from the beginning of A. D. 1 to the end of A. D. 100; the second century, covering the period from the first day of the year 101 to the last day of the year 200, and so on.

The Christmas Tree.

W. K. M., Veteran, Colo.: The custom of using a gayly-decorated tree as the means of giving presents to children on Christmas eve, originated in the Protestant districts of Germany and Northern Europe. This beautiful custom was brought here by German immigrants, and began to spread among Americans about 50 years ago. It is now almost universal.

Oldest Military Organization.

J. K. D., New York, asks: "Which is the oldest military organization in the United States?"

We are not positive, but we think the Ancient and Honorable Artillery company of Boston is entitled to that honor.

Miscellaneous.

T. E. D., Judson, Ind.: No, we can not.

G. W. G., Yankton, S. D.: We regret that we do not know where you can obtain such statistics.

J. P., Fond du Lac, Wis.: We can not publish such requests as you send, as the song is published in many music-books.

H. C. C., Alone, Ky.: We do not know where the Baptist Young People's society badge can be obtained. There are none in Toledo.

R. C. S., Cambria, Mich.: You can obtain wild rice by gathering it now where it grows along the border of Lake Erie, and other places. Sow it in a marsh this fall, and it will come up in the spring.

L. M. S., Leanderville, Fl.: Probably the phrase, "the valley of the shadow of death," in Psalm xxiii, 4, is a poetical expression for any time of deep trouble, which seems as sorrowful as death itself.

R. P. C., Hindman, Ky.: We do not know that the words of Washington and Gen. Charles Lee, in their dispute at the battle of Monmouth, have been preserved. If any one happens to know them, we shall be glad to have them.

D. W. B., New Vernon, Pa., says the pipes connecting the water-back in his kitchen range with the hot-water reservoir fill up with mineral from the water, which is hard, and asks for some method of removal. Can any one give it?

O. P. W., Westerville, Neb.: No, there is no "hidden law or force" in planchette in any of its forms. The matter was investigated by scientific men twenty or more years ago, and the explanation they gave is what was given in the Bureau of Weekly Blade of October 19.

C. J. K., Ohio: Dentistry is a modern art, and has made enormous strides in the past fifty years. Don't try to be one without taking a course at a dental college and obtaining a degree. A preliminary course of study in a dentist's office is very useful. One will take you, if you can agree upon terms. There is no fixed scale.

B. A. Tamalso, Ill.: The metric system of weights and measures is used to the exclusion of all others in France and in all other countries of Europe except Great Britain, where it is permissive, at it is with us. It is also adopted by Mexico, Brazil, Chile, Peru, etc. Only one question at a time, please, unless both are on one subject.

For a Good Purpose.

Mrs. Potts—It seems to me that you are doing a great deal of grumbling for a man who is getting his breakfast for nothing.

Hungry Higgins—I'm jist doin' it to edderate you, mum. I want you to know how to set out a meal in proper style the next time one of the boys calls fer a little refreshment; see?—Indianapolis Journal.

Removed by Nature.

"It's a pity Chicago isn't in the cyclone district."

"Why so?"

"Why, as I understand it, it's going to be a fearful expense removing the World's Fair buildings after the Fair is over. If they were in the cyclone belt the elements could attend to all that."—Harper's.

The Marked Success

of Scott's Emulsion in consumption, scrofula and other forms of hereditary disease is due to its powerful food properties.

Scott's Emulsion

rapidly creates healthy flesh—proper weight. Hereditary taints develop only when the system becomes weakened.

Nothing in the world of medicine has been so successful in diseases that are most menacing to life. Physicians everywhere prescribe it.

Prepared by Scott & Bowne, N. Y. All druggists.

NELLIE GRANT AT HOME.

How Mrs. Sartoris Lives in London in the Fashionable Quarter.

In a letter upon "American Women Abroad," Elizabeth A. Tompkins describes Nellie Grant Sartoris's home in London. She says:

She has a charming little house of her own in London, No. 66 Cadogan place, in the fashionable West End. It is a bright looking three story and basement brick, with a vine-covered veranda in front. When one calls the most solemn and respectful of model men servants conducts one up the pretty oak staircase to the drawing rooms on the second floor. They are bright cheery, sunny rooms, with white and gold wood work, and soft tints of terra cotta and dull blue in the furnishings, with fine paintings on the walls, an open piano in the back room, and a comfort-giving open fire in the front room. It is a dainty home, with an air of refinement and suggestive of artistic taste. Here she lives quietly with her children—her son, Algernon Edward (a well grown, manly lad of sixteen, taller than his mother, who thinks the two great men of the world were his grandfather and Napoleon), and her two little girls, Vivian May and Rosemary. She entertains a little, and goes out a little. She doesn't mix much with the "smart set," because her tastes and theirs are not congenial, but she gathers around her dinner table and in her drawing rooms people, English and American, who are known as "the best people" in London. Her taste turns to art; she rarely misses a "private view;" her acquaintance with artistic and literary people is wide, and one of her oldest and best friends is the famous president of the Royal Academy, Sir Frederick Leighton.

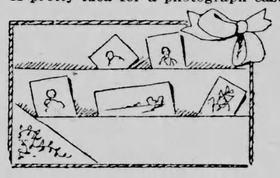
Nellie Grant is a vastly more attractive woman now than she was when, eighteen years ago, she went to England as a hopeful bride. She was only 19 then and unformed, notwithstanding the educational and social advantages she had. She was a pretty blooming, young girl with a sweet disposition then—not very different from hundreds of other pretty American girls. Notwithstanding she has a boy taller than herself, she does not look over 30 now. She is below medium height, with a pretty figure, neither stout nor slender, and in a roomful of generously proportioned English women looks petite. When she goes out in the evening she usually wears white with graceful lace draperies. Her face is of girlish smoothness and fulness, with a tinge of color in the cheeks that deepens to a ripe red in the lips. Her eyes are very dark in the shadow of long lashes, and her hair is almost black. She has an indolent repose of manner that with her low, sweet voice is wonderfully restful, but above all her attractions is her sweetness of manner, a sort of sympathetic gentleness that makes her a most winsome woman.

HANDY PHOTOGRAPH CASES.

What shall be done with the photographs which are yearly on the increase?

There have been albums and photograph frames and bags, both small and great, in which to deposit them, and still they accumulate.

A pretty idea for a photograph case



EASILY MADE AND PRETTY.

is to take a piece of cardboard of any size desired, and cover plainly with pink silk. Cover another piece slightly smaller, as in drawing, joining this to the first, and still another piece, slightly smaller than the second. Embroider delicate maidenhair ferns in natural shades in corner four, tacking this to the third piece of covered board. Or this corner may be made of white or colored leather. Fasten the outside edges together, leaving spaces between each card for the photographs, and finish the case with a bow of pale green ribbon to match the ferns.

For amateur photographers another suggestion is to make an album of water color paper, in which the unmounted "snap shots" are to be pasted and each photograph outlined with splashes of gilt. The outside of the album is of heavy pasteboard covered with linen and decorated with lettering suggestive of contents. This classifies the photographs and gives one's friends the pleasure of a camera's sketchbook.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE.

The Best Known Tonic.

furnishing sustenance to both brain and body.

A Sliding Scale.

The boy was covered with mud to the top of his kilt skirt, there were mud patches on his face and hair, and he had lost his hat, but in his hand he grasped a chicken—a limp, wet and muddy chicken. It was the cause of his trouble, for he had thrown stones in the yard that afternoon, says Harper's Young People, and had accidentally killed the chicken. His sister had declared that she could not love such a cruel boy. Then he had disappeared, and had been found stuck in a swamp.

When he saw his mother his feelings overcame him, and he burst into a loud wail.

"My sister doesn't love me! my sister doesn't love me! I want to get losted in the woods, and let the bears eat me!"

"But," said his mother, "you cried when you pinched your finger with the clothespin, and it would hurt you far more if the bears should eat you."

The boy was interested, and dried his tears. "I mean a kind, tame bear," he said, choking a sob.

"But a tame bear has sharp teeth."

The boy rubbed his eyes with his muddy hand, and was lost in thought for a while. Then he raised his head. His countenance was cheerful, there was not a trace of sorrow in his tone, and he cried, "I mean—I mean a nice little curly dog wifout any teef."

Wonderful Cures of Catarrh and Consumption by a New Discovery.

Wonderful cures of Lung Diseases, Catarrh, Bronchitis and Consumption, are made by the new treatment known in Europe as the Andral-Bruen Discovery. If you are a sufferer you should write to the New Medical Advance, 67 East 6th Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, and they will send you this new treatment free for trial. State age and all particulars of your disease.

THE RIGHT KIND OF A GIRL.

The two were parting at the door
And blushes deep her fair cheeks wore
As oft he pressed her hand.
The stars from midnight's azure skies
Looked down with brightly twinkling eyes
The moon with aspect bland.
"Just once," he said; she raised her head
And calmly looked him o'er.
"Just one. Ah! you're like all the rest;
When you've had one you'll prove a pest
And want a dozen more.
Then do not lie about it, pray,
But take your fill and go your way."
—New York Press.

The Survival of the Fittest.

Pillar—Mr. De Cloth, I regret to say that we must ask for your resignation.

Pastor—You astonish me. May I ask the reason?

Pillar—The leader of the orchestra says he won't play in the same church with you any longer. We think it is a foolish whim on his part, but he is quite obdurate, you know.—Truth.

Satisfactorily Explained.

"See here," said the man who had married a widow, "hasn't your hair turned gray rather suddenly since we were wed?"

"Oh," said she, "that's from fright. I was so scared when you proposed to me, don't you know?"—Indianapolis Journal.

Unaccountable.

There was an old chieftain of Guinea,
Who had a big daughter named Mulnea;
She many times said
She never would wed,
And the old man declared her a nuinea.
—Philadelphia Record.

The Camp Fire.

Contributions are solicited from old soldiers of the civil war for this department. We don't want discussions, but want brief, lively sketches and personal reminiscences of army life; all such are welcome.

Comrades, You Help.

The editor of The Blade asks every comrade around the Camp Fire to read the announcement of our new story, given on the fourth page of this issue. Every one of you will like it, from the very first chapter. It is a tale of the first year of the war, historically correct in every detail, and tells the story of the first battle of Bull Run in a way never told before.

Please call the attention of comrades who are not subscribers to The Blade to this story, and to the Nasby Letters as well. Also do us the favor to send us on a postal card or letter the names and addresses of persons you think would be glad to read this excellent serial, and we will gladly send them sample copies. Please send names AT ONCE.

A Thrilling Experience.

Editor Camp Fire:—I like the Camp Fire as well as any of you, but it is no use talking of burning rails here on the prairie of Minnesota—hay is plenty this year, so here it goes. I did not see as much of the great rebellion as some of you did, but during the nineteen months I was out I had a share in every battle which Sherman's army had, in one part of the field or other, from Rocky Face Mountain, Ga., May 8th-10th, 1864, to the surrender of Johnson, about April 28th, 1865; through the four campaigns from Tennessee to Atlanta, thence to Savannah in Georgia, and from there through South and North Carolina to Goldsboro, and from there to near Holly Springs, N. C., where we were when the Johnnies made up their minds to put a smile on their faces, and have some coffee. We witnessed some interesting incidents. But at the battle of Ayersboro, N. C., March 16, 1865, I experienced one about as trying to one's nerves as any.

All of you comrades who were with us in that march from Bluff Church to Ayersboro's battlefield will always remember the rain, mud and darkness of the night of March 15th; how we waded around for ponds of water to wash the mud out of our shoes and off our clothes and selves, on that field when we came to Kilpatrick's cavalry, and how we were under fire from dawn till dark on the 16th. But just before dark that afternoon my little experience took place. The 3d Wis. Inf. had been moved from left to right, and from right towards the center, when we were ordered to lay down. 'Twas only a minute or two, when we were ordered to pick up anything we could find and build breastworks. When getting up off the ground the lieutenant threw me a hatchet, and ordered me to cut a bunch of brush growing on the line in front of me. While thus engaged I heard a shot, the bullet striking the lieutenant's saber. Looking up, I saw the smoke, and the reb. and picked up my Springfield, brought it nearly to my face, when the lieutenant said I must nat shoot. I laid it down and went on with my work. The lieutenant backed behind a tree, and it occurred to my mind that I was the only mark in plain view for the reb., when he could get his gun loaded. I picked my gun up again, and asked the lieutenant to let me shoot the reb.—that I would surely make no mistake. He said, "No! If you fire that gun, I will strike you over the head with this saber. Chop that brush!" So I went on chopping, but moving my body from side to side all I could. When the reb. fired his bullet passed my left ear. I shall ever think what a long time it seemed to take that fellow to load his gun, and how unpleasant it was to wait, expecting the bullet.—O. I. Owens, late Co. K, 3d Wis. V. V. I.

A Faithful Dog.

Editor Camp Fire:—I come with a few chunks. I have seen the time when anything in the shape of fuel was gladly received to boil our coffee Probably some of you old boys can remember the time at Young's Point when we were driven to the levee by the overflow, and had to swim with the cold water for drift wood. It looks as if some of the old boys were in that same fix now on the pension question.

In March, 1862, while we were at Jefferson City awaiting orders to move South, we made two recruits. One was a striped fellow just out of the penitentiary, and the other was a young dog. The striped fellow proved to be a great thief and a coward, and deserted us at Memphis in the following October. But Plute became an agreeable companion for the whole company. He was never sick nor absent and accompanied us in all our travels by land and water. First to Corinth, then to Memphis, and at last to Vicksburg, and went into that battle with us at Chickasaw Bayou, where he received a glancing wound in the back. As we boarded the steamer to go to Arkansas post I saw the faithful dog for the last time. If any one can give a later history, I would like to have it.—J. W. Sapp, Co. C, 6th Mo. Inft.

Another Old G. A. R. Man.

Editor Camp Fire:—Please give me a little room as I have a small piece of rail to place on the Camp Fire. In a recent number of The Blade I saw an article from Comrade Bryan, of Nick Pitts post, Department of Tennessee, giving the age of their oldest member, who was 89 in October. I can go him a few months better. My father, Alexander Van Brocklin, will be 90 years old in March. He was a member of Co. E, 52d Ills. Inft. I do not know if he is the oldest volunteer but I do know he belongs to the oldest post in the United States, the G. L. Nevins post, No. 1, Department of Illinois.

Besides my father, there were four sons in the army. My youngest brother did service for Uncle Sam for 13 years. I was in the service four years and two months, but Hoke says I can't have a pension. I would like to see something in the Camp Fire from some of the members of Co. B, 1st reg. U. S. Vol., known as a part of Hancock's corps.—D. C. Van Brocklin, Co. G, 44th Ills. Inft., also Co. B, 1st Reg. U. S. Vol. Inft.

A Loyal Tennessean.

Editor Camp Fire:—I bring a pine knot from the ridge of old Severn county, Tennessee, to throw on the Camp Fire. When a lad of 17 years I was forced to leave home and parents to escape being pressed into the service of the Confederacy. There were about 150 of us boys who traveled up through Kentucky, until we were safe in the Union lines. It took us eleven days and nights to make the journey, and most of the time we were compelled to travel by night so we would not be captured. We slept on the ground, without even a blanket for covering. Starvation stared us in the face, and when we came to a place where the rebels had fed their horses we greedily ate what few grains of corn were left on the cob. At last we reached the Union lines. I served three years in the Union army, and participated in the battles of Stone River, Nashville, Chickamauga, Franklin, and a number of others.—James L. Carne, late sergt. Co. K, 2d Tenn. Cav.

A Long March.

Editor Camp Fire:—As the Camp Fire is burning brightly, I will try and add some hickory bark that will last while I write a few words. I served in the home guards in Missouri until 1864, when I enlisted in the 49th Mo., and served until the war was over. The first half of the year was spent in scouting after the bushwhackers and doing almost all kinds of hard service, such as making forced marches, camping out in the snow, and sometimes going day and night. In February, '65, we went South from St. Louis to New Orleans, and then to Mobile. We were in the fight 13 days at Spanish fort under Gen. Canby. After that we had a long tramp to Montgomery, Ala., a distance of 350 miles. It took us 13 days, and we lost seven men from sunstroke.—James A. Grimmett, Co. A, 49th Mo. Inft.

Send in Your Stories.

We want the comrades to send to the Camp Fire the funniest incidents which came under their observations during the war. There were many ludicrous things happened in camp, on the march, and even in battle and in the prison pens. Gather about the Camp Fire, and tell each other these stories. Be brief, so that as many as possible may be heard. Let us hear from you.

SPLINTERS.

Comrade John G. Talbot, 13th Ky. Vol. Cav., writes from Western Texas urging comrades to stand shoulder to shoulder in the matter of pensions. Comrade Talbot being on the prairie says he cannot bring any rails for the Camp Fire, not even any bark, except the bark of the coyote.

Comrade J. M. Spencer, Co. D, 1st Wis. Cav., writes of an interesting camp fire held recently in Lawrence, Kan. Three hundred veterans participated and lived over again the scenes and incidents of the late war.

Comrade S. R. Anderson, Co. D, 5th Tenn. Inft., urges all comrades to keep the fire of patriotism burning brightly for there is an outside prejudice against soldiers who draw pensions.

PRINCE BECOMES A PRIEST.

Royal Catholic Who Chose to Give His Life to His Religious Belief.

Much comment has been made in Germany, more particularly in Protestant Saxony, at Prince Max of Saxony, a nephew of King Albert, not yet 23 years of age, having entered the cloister of Eisenach as a monk,

PRINCE MAX OF SAXONY.

at his urgent desire to retire from the world. The step is more surprising as the prince was hitherto a lieutenant in the ducal regiment of Grenadiers, his intended career being a military one. His royal highness is the third son of Prince George. His second brother, John George, has just been betrothed to Princess Maria Isabella of Wurtemberg.

The prince was quartered with his regiment in the town of Ischatz. He is young, talented and highly educated and had just taken his degree as a doctor with unusual honors when he resolved to devote his life to the service of the church. It is thought that Prince Max owes his decision to become a priest to Bishop Wahl, who, in the last landthag, demanded by special request from the vatican the repeal of the law of 1876 respecting the Catholic church in Saxony. He did not succeed, but is very active in the service of his church, and Prince Max's renunciation is, it is believed, one of the fruits of his propaganda. The princely priest, who, it should be mentioned, is a Catholic, like all the members of the Saxon royal house, has been already appointed by the pope, in spite of his youthful age, apostolic vicar of Saxony.

Every Man Should Read This.

If any young, old, or middle-aged man suffering from nervous debility, weakness, lack of vigor from errors or excesses will enclose stamp to me I will send him the prescription of a genuine certain cure free of cost. No. Humbug, no deception. Address Thomas Barnes, Marshall, Mich.

Ella Wheeler's New Book.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox has given a new book to the public within the week. It is called "Men, Women and Emotions." I have read it with interest, because Ella Wheeler Wilcox's emotions are always enjoyable. But I have only space to transcribe a few of her epigrams.

"Some people make such an ado about their virtue that we almost wish they would lose it."

"Men boast of their infidelities; women conceal them."

"The most cruel judgements in the world come from women who resent never having been tempted themselves."

"Nothing flatters a man's vanity so much as to be told that he is not like other men."

"The chivalry of the average man consists in defending a woman from every man but himself."

"Marriage is like the opium habit; once contracted it is difficult to cure."—Nym Crinkle in the New York World.

Everybody Busy.

Mr. Gotham (at the World's Fair)—"Magnificent exposition, isn't it?"

Mr. Lakeside—"Don't know. Haven't had time to see it yet."

"But you live here?"

"Yes, that's the trouble. I sell sandwiches."—Exchange.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively Cured by these Little Pills.

They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER, &c. They regulate the Bowels and prevent Constipation and Piles. The smallest and easiest to take. Only one pill a dose. Purely vegetable. Price 25 cents.

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Spare Pearline, Spoil the Wash!

"Better use too much than too little." Too much Pearline won't do any harm—too little may. Use too much, and you only waste it, that's all. But use too little, and it's only a bit better than none at all. You'll have to work harder, and you'll have to rub—and then the wear and tear begins. It's this rubbing, and this wear, and this work that Pearline, if properly used, takes away.

Use it just as directed on every package, no more, no less, and you'll get the best results. You needn't try to improve upon it. You can't.

Beware of imitations. 365 JAMES PYLE, N.Y.

AN ACCOMMODATING STYLE.

Suitable Alike for Rich Fabrics and Simple Ones.

Here is an evening gown which has the double advantage of being equally adapted to stately and to simple fabrics. In the former it might be magnificently made of heavy peach-colored silk with rare, old, yellowish lace and ivory satin. The plain panel down the front would be of the satin and the rest of the dress of the silk.

SILK AND LACE

In stuffs more suited to the modest purse of the average woman the panel could be made of silvery gray bengaline, which has "body" enough to be suitable for such a purpose, silvery gray crepe de Chine and trimmed with ruffles of point d'esprit.

Use Brown's Bronchial Troches for Coughs, Colds and all other Throat Troubles. —"Pre-eminently the best."—Rev. Henry Ward Beecher.

THE REWARDS OF VIRTUE.

Virtue asks naught at the hands of any God or any man, for its joy lies in its own exercise and in the opportunity of deathless service.

Some will say that such stimulus is insufficient, and that natures that do not respond to inspiration too lofty for them must have sanctions and threats fitted for their lower powers of apprehension. None the less should this Ideal be placed before them, for in them, at the core of their being lies the Divine, even though it be too thickly crusted over with evil for the impulse to penetrate to it, or for it to respond. Human experience proves to us that it is ever the noblest Ideal that stirs man into most passionate response, and even though he may be unable to emulate, he feels in him the throb of yearning desire that is the first movement of the life within him, as the babe not yet ready for birth stirs beneath the mother's heart, and the movement is the prophecy of the future. Take any crowd, gathered together haphazard, of the degraded as well as of the noble, and see what will move them to enthusiasm; you will find it will be the tale of some heroic deed, the story of some great sacrifice—for the human heart springs upward to the right as the plant strives toward the sunshine.—Annie Besant in Lucifer.

A Child Enjoys

The pleasant flavor, gentle action and soothing effects of Syrup of Figs, when in need of a laxative, and if the father or mother be costive or bilious, the most gratifying results follow its use; so that it is the best family remedy known, and every family should have a bottle on hand.

An Agreeable Change.

"Five minutes for dinner," yelled the railway porter.

"Sixty!" roared the editor. "The last time I was here it was $5!"—Atlanta Constitution.

Posted on News.

The correspondent who telegraphed from New York that Russell Sage had given away a dollar in charity knows a news item when he sees one.—Chicago Mail.

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BY LIVING WITNESSES THAT

THE OWEN ELECTRIC BELT AND APPLIANCES

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NO HARM

can come from their use. A genuine current of electricity, continuous, can be made mild or strong, or reversed at the pleasure of the wearer. All of the above fully confirmed and indors

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1893.

Largest and Best Weekly Published, and Largest Circulation!

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers.
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor.

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wide-awake and thinking men. Its editorial page is the strongest and most thoughtful of any in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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CIRCULATION LAST WEEK, 153,000

THE "NASBY LETTERS" ARE GOING FAST.

We are printing and binding from 500 to 1,000 copies of the "Nasby Letters" per day, and the demand goes steadily on. Every mail brings a big sheaf of letters from subscribers who are taking advantage of our offer to send the Weekly Blade one year, with a copy of the "Nasby Letters" as a premium, for one dollar. Every person who receives it appears to be highly pleased with the book, if we are to judge from the approving letters which we are constantly receiving. We are glad to get letters telling how subscribers regard the volume, and hope every one willl feel free to write and express his opinion. The historic value of the book is great, for it is the only complete collection of the world-famed "Letters" which were so great and so unique a feature of our political literature for more than a score of years. No American citizen should let this opportunity pass of securing a copy.

"CHRIST OR DIANA?"

We have a new picture for our subscribers, and one which appeals especially for a place in every Christian home. It represents a scene in ancient Ephesus, at the time that to be a Christian was to be in danger of hideous death. The picture represents a beautiful Christian maiden who has the dire choice of offering worship to Diana, the patron diety of Ephesus, or of being torn to pieces by lions. Her pure, beautiful face is upturned to Heaven imploring help. By her side is her lover, holding in his hand the incense which she has but to cast upon Diana's altar to restore her to life, love and liberty. Near stands the many-breasted image of the goddess, with the priest and vestal virgins, whose duty it was to keep the alter-fire burning and cry, "Great is the Diana of the Ephesians." In front sits the stern Roman governor, awaiting the girl's decision. Roman soldiers, citizens, etc., fill up the picture, which is a beautiful etching, size 21x28 inches. It will be mailed to subscribers, postpaid, in a stout pasteboard tube, for 25 cents. Read other offers in Publisher's Column, 5th page.

THE TARIFF ISSUE.

The Democrats in Congress are going ahead steadily with the work of cutting the tariff to a "revenue only" basis. The Ways and Means committee will probably remain in session, even though an adjournment is had, until December, and will have the Wilson bill ready to report early in that month. They seem to be oblivious to the gathering storm of discontent among the masses of the American people. The triumph of the Democrats last fall was followed by its legitimate consequences. No manufacturer with ordinary business sense would, with hostile tariff legislation this winter in prospect, buy raw materials for future use, nor make up large stocks of goods whose values might be injuriously affected by the coming Wilson bill. As every one knows, in many important lines of industry, the manufacturers make up this year the goods to be put on the market a year hence. They, as a rule, did not do this the past summer, nor are they doing it now. Again, wholesale dealers are not laying in stocks ahead of the demand. They are not accumulating goods for next summer's trade. Similarly, retailers are cutting down their stocks, and keeping on their shelves, as a rule, only enough for the demands of the immediate future.

All this has resulted in enforced idleness for tens of thousands of men who before had steady employment; in a reduction of the hours of labor, or of the rate of wages, to thousands more. All this is from the efforts of the industrial and business interests to prevent possible loss from tariff changes, and for it all the free trade leaders of the Democratic party, from Grover Cleveland down, are primarily responsible. The people understand this thoroughly. Thousands who were misled by the parrot cry of "the tariff is a tax," and who believed the vague promises of a golden era to come with Democratic supremacy, now see their error, and repent it bitterly.

The Wilson bill is to be a radical one. It is to cut and slash on every side. Though the sessions of the committee are behind locked doors, facts leak out from the members which show this to be the case. The passage of the coming Wilson bill means far greater industrial stagnation, and distress to the working classes, than has already been experienced. It will cause a tremendous revolution in public sentiment, much greater than that which has already taken place; and this sentiment will make itself felt at the polls in 1894 and 1896. The Democratic party will be hurled from power, but that will not restore the losses to the people from the present depression.

The basis of the new Wilson tariff bill is free wool. This has been definitely decided upon. Wool will be placed on the free list and corresponding changes made in the wool schedule. The average reduction of duties on woolen goods will be between 40 and 50 per cent, most likely at 45 per cent. How do the flock masters of Ohio like that?

James Roosevelt Roosevelt, of New York, appointed secretary of the American embassy at London, only gave $10,000 to the campaign fund. Had he raised it a little, he might have been an ambassador.

ENVIRONMENT AND EXAMPLE.

The force of example is very powerful. Man is an imitative animal. The individual is naturally strongly inclined to follow the manners and customs of those with whom he is surrounded. So strong is this tendency, that all students of sociology acknowledge the tremendous force of a man's environment in determining his ultimate character. Take two boys at the age of 10, and let them spend the next decade of their lives—the one in a Christian family wherein the lives of the members are regulated by the Golden Rule, living in a locality occupied by similar families; the other, in a crowded tenement district of some city, surrounded by saloons and dives, where vice in every form flaunts itself in the public gaze—and how far apart will these two boys have drifted by the time they stand upon the threshold of manhood! The chances are a thousand to one that the first will be an upright, God-fearing young man, and the second a tough, on the road that leads beneath the shadow of prison walls or under the gallows.

In the battle for temperance, it is an unfortunate fact that the environment of so many of our young men is of the wrong character. While it is vastly better than it was a generation ago, there are yet too many drinking men in shops and mills and factories, whose coarse natures take delight in corrupting the boys and young men who may enter upon work in that establishment. It may be set down as a general truth—for the exceptions are very few—that no person who does not drink likes the taste of liquor, or its effects upon brain and stomach. But if its use be persisted in, the inflamed and deranged stomach becomes the seat of a dreadful craving, which only liquor will allay; and the indulgence continues the inflammation and derangement, and thus causes a fresh demand for more of the poisonous stimulant, as soon as the effects of that which was before imbibed dies out. This is one of the most subtle dangers of indulgence in intoxicants. This fearful rum-thirst is set up, and when it is firmly established, it is one of the most difficult things in the world to rescue the drinker afflicted with it from the grasp of the vice which is slowly but surely destroying him.

Example and environment, then, play the largest part in the production of the vast volume of drunkenness which curses this fair land. Were it not for the fact that men already addicted to the drink habit either unthinkingly lead young men into it through the abominable "treating" habit, or boorishly ridicule them into it, the supply of drunkards would very soon begin to decline. There is in this one of the most potent arguments for the spread of intelligence among the masses as to the evils which follow in the wake of the drink habit. The great majority of the men who are thus responsible for the fall of their young associates are not at heart hardened and depraved. If they could be made to understand clearly that, by inducing a young man—a non-drinker—to become a drinker, they were imperiling his prospects of advancement in the world, were putting obstacles in his pathway, which might cause his bodily and spiritual ruin, they would not attempt to make him a devotee of the vice which has fastened itself upon them.

This class of men, however, can not be reached by abuse, nor by political arguments against the rum curse. The educative work must present itself to them in a different guise. They must be approached on the ground that they are men whose position or influence in their own sphere is so great that the younger men look to them for guidance; and that, with this responsibility on their shoulders, their efforts should be directed to effect the greatest good to these tyros, and protect them from all that may injure them in the future. If they can have their interest and pride aroused, they will do wonderful work in saving young men from the yoke of the drink demon The chord of humanity, if deftly struck, will sound a responsive note in the bosoms of these men, and they, though drinking men, become instruments to save others from the habit. Thus may we have their aid in the effort to

Pulverize the Rum Power.

CLEVELAND, THE REFORMER.

Grover Cleveland—to his shame be it said—is the first President who has frankly made high diplomatic positions a matter of bargain and sale. The rule upon which he acts is—"drop a campaign contribution in the slot, and get a fat office, the fatness whereof shall be in proportion to the size of the contribution." As nominations go in, the scale of repayment becomes apparent. The Van Alen appointment showed that a $50,000 contribution takes an embassy. Now comes Mr. Roosevelt, another son-in-law of the Astor family, whose contribution last fall was $10,000. He has just received the post of Secretary of Legation at London.

Thus is the true measure of 'reform" becoming apparent to the deluded people of the United States. That angelic reformer, Grover Cleveland, whose pompous dictum that "public office is a public trust," has been mouthed by Democratic orators until it is nauseatingly familiar to the American people, does not practice what he preaches. Responsible diplomatic positions are given out to Anglomaniac dudes, who have no claim on the score of either fitness, or experience, or even long party service, simply because they are wealthy enough to make heavy contributions to help elect Mr. Cleveland last fall. This is indeed "reform" with a vengeance!

How do the horny-handed Democrats on the farms, in the ranks of toil everywhere, like Cleveland's plan of dishing out the plums to rich men only? Wealth is the open sesame to official preferement under this administration. Merit don't count, and party service cuts no figure. Is this the sort of "reform" the rank and file of the Democracy voted for last November?

The Populists in Congress think that now the free silver men of the West and South will all join their party, and that they w'l elect their President in 1896. We will make a modest wager that the Populist candidate won't carry three states in that year.

Senator Allen's speech occupied 100 columns of the Congressional Record. No wonder the repeal bill passed.

"Uhl do," said the President to his newly appointed assistant secretary of State.

IN THE NEXT ISSUE

WE SHALL BEGIN OUR NEW SERIAL STORY.

A TALE OF THE EARLY DAYS OF THE REBELLION.

It is Written Expressly for The Blade, and for Blade Readers—A Serial Everybody Will Like.

Believing our readers like variety in the serials published in The Blade, we have arranged to follow W. Clark Russell's sea tale, "The Emigrant Ship," with a story of the early days of the War of the Rebellion. It will begin in next week's issue, and is entitled:

A FAIR VIRGINIAN.

A Tale of the First Bull Run.

This story will, we believe, create a genuine sensation among our readers, and especially among those who took part in the great civil war, whether arrayed on the side of the Union or on that of the Confederacy. It is written by Mr. David Lowry, who is well-known to the patrons of a number of Eastern papers and magazines as a writer of serials and sketches. The readers of the magazine Blue and Gray, will recall an excellent short story by Mr. Lowry in the August number, entitled "Battle Bonds."

"A Fair Virginian" is full of dramatic action, and all references to historic personages and to the field of action and the movements of armies of the first battle of Bull Run—around which its interest centers—are historically accurate. Although it is a pure, clean love-story, there is enough of life in the camp, on the march and battle-field, to attract all lovers of historic adventure. There is much in it to give the generation which has come to maturity since the war a clear idea of the sentiment of the struggle, and the views held on both sides, which will give much light on the causes of the great civil war. Altogether, it will please all readers, especially soldiers and soldiers' sons and daughters—and it will be read as eagerly by those who wore the gray as by those who were clad in blue.

This story will begin in the issue of the Weekly Blade for next week. We shall be very glad if all our subscribers, especially our Camp Fire comrades, will take an interest in this story, and send us lists of names of persons whom they think would be glad to read the serial, and we shall gladly send them sample copies.

LAST YEAR VS. THIS YEAR.

We firmly believe that the triumph of the Democratic party at the polls one year ago was not because of opposition to the principle of a protective tariff, but because the idea has been sedulously cultivated among the masses and especially in the ranks or organized labor, that the manufacturer was obtaining more than what was considered his proper share of the profits accruing, and labor less than its share. We know this state of things was pre-eminently true in Ohio. The Homestead strike, coming at the opening of the campaign, was seized upon by demagogic politicians, and the feeling of unrest was fanned into a flame of fiercest resentment. From what we know personally of the state of feeling among the working classes during last year's campaign, we are positive that tens of thousands of workingmen voted for Cleveland (and free trade) simply to "get even," as they expressed it, with their employers. They believed that the latter were making exorbitant profits, and that themselves were systematically denied what they claimed was their due—labor's fair share thereof.

The situation is entirely different now. The shadow of coming tariff reduction paralyzed industry. Thousands of men are out of work, or working only on part time. A year ago they were indignant that they were not given higher wages; to-day, thousands of idle men would be glad to go to work at less wages than they then received. They have unfortunately been compelled to compare European wages with those ruling here. They have become convinced of a fact to which they gave no heed a year ago—that under protection wages here are very much higher than they are abroad; that the manufacturers, after all, have not been receiving excessive profits; and that the share of labor in the profits of manufacturing was, after all, in no wise an unfair one. The anger and hatred of a year ago have disappeared, at least among the thinking ones. The cold hand of experience has swept aside the heated fancies of a year ago.

Under the free trade policy of the Democratic party, labor, merchandise, real estate, live stock, produce—in fact everything—is coming down, and will continue to do so. Everything? No! There is one thing that will not get cheaper, and that is the most important item of all—money. The laborer, the merchant, the manufacturer, the farmer, men in every branch of industry, will lose money by the change from protection to free trade. Only the capitalist gains by it, for then his money will buy for him very much more labor, more merchandise, more real estate, than before. The Democratic policy has always tended to make the "rich richer and the poor poorer."

The assault of Representative Weadock, of Michigan, upon the American Protective Association, on the floor of the House the other day, has created much discussion, and developed the fact that the Democrats in Congress are determined to wage a relentless war against that organization. If Weadock fails to get an investigation, he proposes to make a speech denouncing the order. The December session of Congress will see a vigorous assault on the A. P. A. at the hands of the Democratic party.

The Midway Plaisance shows at the World's Fair are estimated to have taken about $15,000,000. The Ferris wheel cost $220,000, and the receipts were fully $1,000,000. The Fair managers received one-half of the receipts in excess of the cost. The American people are willing to pay for their fun, it seems.

The last purchase of silver under the Sherman act has been made. Some look for a decided fall in the price of silver, but we doubt that it will be at all great. The repeal of the law has been certain for three months, and the market fell in anticipation of this action.

Perhaps it was his name that did it. He signed himself Patrick Eugene James Prendergast.

THE STATUS OF OUR MONETARY SYSTEM.

The Sherman law being repealed, what is the condition of our money affairs? The only silver coin which is a full legal tender in all sums is the standard silver dollar. Of these we have $538,000,000. The repeal act does not demonetize them; they remain a full legal tender. We have, besides, $77,000,000 of subsidary silver coin; $604,000,000 of gold coin, and $412,000,000 of paper money, not counting gold certificates, silver certificates or currency certificates, which are merely paper representatives of money stored in the Treasury for their redemption. No more standard silver dollars will be coined until Congress shall pass a law authorizing it to be done. We will add steadily to our stock of gold coin by the output of our own mines offered for that purpose, and very probably draw large amounts within the next year from abroad—though this depends largely on the condition of our foreign trade. At any rate, there will be no reduction in the amount of money in the country, as some uninstructed persons have feared.

The financial agitation will not stop, however. The silver men will undoubtedly keep up their demand for the free coinage of silver at the old ratio of 16 to 1. That question can now come before the people uncomplicated with any other issue, and be judged on its merits alone. There is no real opposition to the use of silver as money in the United States—but there is a very strong opposition to calling some 55 or 56 cents' worth of silver a dollar. That is to say, the opposition is not to silver, but to a silver dollar which bears a lie on its face—one which does not carry as much silver as its face calls for.

This agitation for a cheap silver dollar is the lineal successor of greenbackery. They were both based on the fallacy that the government has the power to create money; and this delusion is the direct outcome of the legal tender act of 1862. Before that time, the American people, in common with all other enlightened communities, believed the truth—that the sole function of the government in relation to money is to certify to the weight and purity of the coin comprising it. The issuing of legal tenders (greenbacks) by the government, and the subsequent decisions of the Supreme court upholding the right of the government to issue such notes, had a pernicious effect on the minds of thousands and thousands of our people, intelligent in their every day vocations, but uninstructed in the laws of finance. In the sixteen years from 1862 to 1878, during which we had nothing but a depreciated paper currency, the idea grew up that anything which the government chose to stamp as money—paper, silver, or anything else—thereby really became money; that the stamp of the government created value.

It might have been supposed that the fact of our greenbacks being so enormously depreciated would have opened their eyes to the fallacy. The reason it did not was because the gold dollar—the real standard of value—was quoted at a premium, instead of the paper dollar being quoted at a discount. The fluctuating paper was deemed the standard by the uninstructed masses. Thus in November, 1864, gold was quoted at 210, when the statement should have been that the greenback dollar was worth 47 cents and a fraction. The true solution of the silver question must lie in some method of making the bullion value and the face value of the silver dollar the same. There are two ways of doing this: First, by putting a dollar's worth of silver into the coin—which, at the present price of silver would mean about 21 to 1; second, to find some means of raising the market value of silver the world over.

AS TO COFFEE.

The revolution in Brazil is the main factor in the higher price of coffee. About two-thirds of the amount consumed in the United States comes from that country. The average Brazilian crop is about 700,000,000 sacks. Last year's crop was about 650,000,000 sacks. We had left over from last year's crop about 300,000 sacks. It is thus apparent that there is a natural shortage, which of itself would have made an appreciable difference in the quotations. But the serious phase of the situation is the result of the revolution. The Brazilian ports are all closed, and although the importers have made the usual purchases they are unable to ship the goods. No shipments have been made from Rio for months, and it is only a few days ago that movements commenced from the interior. Prices are now several cents higher than last year, and the prospects are that they will go a cent higher. The importers are anxiously watching the revolution, and there are fears of a coffee famine if it is not soon terminated. In view of these facts, and the threat of the Democrats to impose a "duty for revenue only" on coffee, it looks as though the era of cheap coffee has gone by.

The mystery of the suicide of ex-Attorney General Garland'sd aughter, Daisy, has not been certainly solved, though it appears probable it was because of her father's absurd notions. His children are all grown up, but he will not allow them to associate with friends of the opposite sex—at least so far as he can control their actions. It is said Miss Daisy was in love with a young gentleman well known in Washington socieety, who reciprocated her affections, but that her father's views were an insuperable bar to matrimony. She brooded over this, became demented, and in a moment of frenzy took her own life. If this be true, Mr. Garland is morally responsible for his daughter's death.

Col. William Waldorf Astor, the Anglomaniac editor of the "Pell Mell" Magazine, etc., says that the shooting of Carter Harrison "is one of those things we associate with America." Willie should tog himself out with the "deah Prince's" whiskers and Van Alen's monocle. His face is altogether too American to talk that sort of rot.

The death of Sir John Abbott removes a great figure in Canadian politics. He was chosen to succeed Sir John Macdonald, on the death of the latter, as premier of Canada, and until his resignation carried out the schemes of the dead premier even better than Macdonald had inaugurated them.

Two of old William B. Astor's sons-in-law are holding fat places under Cleveland. They had the cash to pay in advance.

THE "NASBY LETTERS."

Read the Announcement of Our Grand Premium Offer.

On the fifth page will be found the announcement of the most important premium offer ever made by The Blade—and one that is most welcome, not only to our subscribers, but to the people at large, who have ben asking for the "Nasby Letters" in book form for many years. We have spent much time and labor on this book, besides the great aggregate expense of printing and binding so many thousand copies. We hope that every subscriber will renew and get a copy under this offer.

A few weeks before the expiration of your subscription, you will receive a postal card, which if returned with one dollar for your renewal will be received as a due-bill for a copy of the "Nasby Letters," which will be sent postpaid, free of all charge. We do this in order to facilitate our work in entering names and sending the book. It takes far less labor to care for each month's renewals during that month than to let them run over into the next month.

Of course, we shall take care of new subscribers at the time they order. We can not send them postal card due-bills, nor fix a time wherein we prefer to receive their orders; but any new subscriber who sends us $1 for the Weekly Blade one year, and asks for a copy of the "Nasby Letters," will have his order filled as soon as it is received. If you do not mention that you want the book, we shall consider that you do not want it. Send in your orders!

THE VOORHEES LAW.

The Voorhees repeal bill is now a law. The House passed it as a substitute for the Wilson bill on November 1, thus ending a parliamentary struggle which began in the House on August 11. That body debated the Wilson bill until August 28, when it was passed by a vote of 240 yeas to 110 nays. That bill, after the enacting clause, read as follows:

That so much of the act approved July 14, 1890, entitled "An act directing the purchase of silver bullion and issue of treasury notes thereon, and for other purposes," as directs the secretary of the treasury to purchase from time to time silver bullion to the aggregate amount of 4,500,000 ounces, or so much thereof as may be offered in each month, at the market price thereof, not exceeding one dollar for 371.25 grains of pure silver, and to issue in payment treasury notes of the United States, be, and the same is hereby, repealed; but this repeal shall not impair or in any manner affect the legal-tender quality of the standard silver dollars heretofore coined, and the faith and credit of the United States are hereby pledged to maintain the parity of the standard gold and silver coins of the United States at the present legal ratio, or such other ratio as may be established by law.

The bill then went to the Senate, where it was referred to the committee on Finance; and, on August 23, Senator Voorhees, chairman of that committee, reported a substitute bill, which passed the Senate on October 30, and the House, two days later. This substitute, which is now a law, reads as follows:

That so much of the act approved July 14, 1890, entitled, "An act directing the purchase of silver bullion and the issue of treasury notes thereon, and for other purposes," as directs the secretary of the Treasury to purchase, from time to time, silver bullion to the aggregate amount of 4,500,000 ounces, or so much thereof as may be offered, in each month, at the market price thereof, not exceeding $1 for 371.25 grains of pure silver, and to issue in payment for such purchases treasury notes of the United States, be, and the same is hereby, repealed; and it is hereby declared to be the policy of the United States to continue the use of both gold and silver as standard money, and to coin both gold and silver into money of equal intrinsic and exchangeable value, such equality to be secured through international agreement or by such safeguards of legislation as will insure the maintenance of the parity in value of the coins of the two metals, and the equal power of every dollar at all times in the markets and in the payments of debts. And it is hereby further declared that the efforts of the government should be steadily directed to the establishment of such a safe system of bimetallism as will maintain at all times the equal power of every dollar coined or issued by the United States in the markets and in the payment of debts.

It will be noted that the chief difference is that the new law declares the policy of the United States government to be to continue the use of both gold and silver as money, and to secure their equality through either an international agreement or through suitable legislation. This, of course, has no value except as a declaration, formally expressed, of the purpose of the present administration, and which will dominate it during its existence.

A NEW LAKE CRUISER.

The passage of the House bill by the Senate for a new lake cruiser recalls to the mind of the public that about ten months ago The Blade stirred up the whole country by its publication of facts concerning the British cruisers on the lakes. At that time the special attention of Congress was called to the crying need of the great lakes for at least one, and if possible, three cruisers of modern type to take the places of the old and worn-out Fessenden and Michigan. The published statements regarding the British cruisers, which statements were afterwards verified in almost every particular by the government reports, had much to do with the action now taken. The cruiser was surely needed, and we hope that there will be two more in a short time to protect the American interests on the great lakes.

What has the shadow of coming tariff reduction below the protective point cost the people of Ohio already? It can only be approximated, of course. There are thousands of manufacturing establishments in Ohio. On November 5, 1892—one year ago—96 Ohio establishments made a report to the American Protective Tariff League, which showed that they then employed 28,838 persons, and paid $284,035 in weekly wages. On October 2, 1893, these same establishments employed only 7,483 workers, and paid but $69,059 in weekly wages. Figure out from this an estimate of the total weekly loss in Ohio alone, and you will be convinced that it is your duty to vote for McKinley and thus rebuke the Democratic free traders in Congress.

"Public office is a public trust," that ponderous platitude of Grover Tyrannus, is now changed to "public office is a public trough." The reason given for the removal of Mr. Henry White from his post as Secretary of Legation at London was that "he had had enough"—as if speaking of pigs at a trough! He was removed in reality to make a fat place for young Roosevelt, in repayment of the $10,000 which that aristocratic son-in-law of the house of Astor contributed to the Cleveland campaign fund last year.

IN THE PLAISANCE.

He—Did yo evah see such sights as dem Afrcan fokes is?
She—'Deed I is, yah did, did yo evah see sich lips and feet as deys got?

AN APPALLING LIST.

The list of railroad horrors since the beginning of the year is most appalling. The total of killed, made up of figures sent out at the time of the wreck reaches above 200; the injured nearly 550. This does not include all the railroad wrecks, but the most important of the accidents to passenger trains.

Here is the record:

Date.	Place of accident.	Killed.	Inj.
Jan. 21	Big Four; open switch, Alton, Ill.	32	36
Jan. 28	Chicago Great Western; derailment, Kent, Ill.	3	50
Feb. 21	West Shore; derailment, Palmyra, N. Y.	3	16
Feb. 22	Pennsylvania, collision, West Philadelphia, Pa.	4	29
Feb. 22	Schuylkill Valley, collision near Phoenixville, Pa	4	2
April 3	Jacksonville; collision	5	11
April 25	Bare Rock; collision, Somerset, Pa.	11	2
May 6	Big Four; derailment, Lafayette, Ind.	10	14
May 6	Dayton & Michigan, collision	5	0
May 30	Tyrone & Clearfield, collision, Tyrone, Pa.	5	11
June 20	Long Island railroad; derailment, Parkville, L. I.	10	26
July 13	West Shore; derailment, Newburg, N. Y.	5	21
July 17	Grade crossing accident, Chicago	5	12
July 25	Baltimore & Ohio; derailment, Akron, O.	3	35
Aug. 4	Lake Shore; derailment, Lindsay, O.	3	25
Aug. 16	Boston & Albany; broken bridge.	17	28
Sept. 7	Fort Wayne; collision, Colehour, Ill.	13	17
Sept. 18	Big Four; collision, Manteno, Ill.	8	18
Sept. 22	Wabash; collision, Kingsbury, Ind.	14	45
Sept. 27	Grand Trunk; Belle-ville, Mich.	3	5
Oct. 13	Michigan Central, collision, Jackson, Mich.	12	40
Oct. 16	Wabash; collision, East St. Louis.	0	72
Oct. 19	Illinois Central; collision, Otto, Ill.	0	10
Oct. 20	Grand Trunk; collision, Battle Creek, Mich.	27	56
Totals		201	548

What has caused it? Is it, as the officers of the various railway employes' organizations claim, "gross criminal negligence"? The great trunk lines have had an enormous business in passenger traffic; extras have been run to a number unprecedented on account of the World's Fair; trainmen have worked extra hours, and railroads have failed to add to the force when it was positively necessary. Have these been the causes? A close examination would seem to show that they have only a slight bearing on these horrors. There seems to have been a manifest laxity on the part of officers. Orders have not been properly issued. The schedules run the trains, and if they are properly given out there will be no accidents.

John Downey, first vice grand master of the Switchmen's Mutual Aid association, says that overwork of employes is not responsible, but there is a host of incompetent employed men, who only think of earning a fair salary, and have no thought of responsibility. They either confuse orders or have wilfully disobeyed them, says Mr. Downey.

We are inclined to believe, after an examination of these accidents, with Mr. Downey. The Pennsylvania wreck out of Chicago was caused by orders being delivered to one engineer and none to the other. The Battle Creek horror was caused, it seems now, by wilful disobedience to orders. The Alton horror was caused by "confusion of orders."

Summing it all up, it is gross neglect and carelessness, and if the record keeps up, somebody in high authority will be charged with murder.

HEZEKIAH L. HOSMER.

An Associated Press dispatch from San Francisco records the death, in that city, of Hon. Hezekiah L. Hosmer, formerly chief justice of Montana, on October 31, at the age of 78. Mr. Hosmer, who was born in New York, was there admitted to the bar, and then came to Ohio, casting his fortunes with the infant city of Toledo. In 1847 he bought The Blade, which was then only a weekly paper, founded in 1836; and on April 17, 1848, he issued the first number of the Daily Blade. A year later he sold out, but in 1850 he and his brother, Stephen T. Hosmer, purchased it, and Judge Hosmer continued as editor until 1853. He practiced law until 1864, when President Lincoln appointed him chief justice of Montana, which post he held for eight years, then going to San Francisco, where he resided until his death. The Daily Blade has grown marvelously since Mr. Hosmer launched it upon the world, and its progress has more than kept pace with that of Toledo, great though the latter has been.

The Democrats of the Ways and Means committee say the bill they are preparing will increase the internal revenue tax on distilled liquors, beer and tobacco, and will contain an income tax provision. True to the Bourbon idea, the committee is reverting to old and condemned methods. Perhaps the people of the United States need a severe object lesson to teach them the utter incapacity to handle national finances. It is a pity, however, they could not take warning by the experience of the past, and avoid the pecuniary loss and business prostration which are inevitable.

Representative Bland has devoted the best years of his life to pushing the fallacy of free coinage of silver at 16 to 1, and has just met the most crushing defeat of his life. He should now learn a little sense, and devote himself to an honest solution of the silver question. When he evolves such a method, the people of the whole country, East and West, will be with him.

The repeal bill has passed; but while it will settle the financial question, and restore confidence, it will not set the silent industries of the country to work until manufacturers find out what wages they can afford to pay under the coming low tariff bill.

THAT LETTER ON PAGE 242.

The fitness of many of the letters in the volume, "The Nasby Letters," to present political conditions, has been remarked by many who have read them. We have just received the following letter, which gives another instance—that of the letter on page 242 of the volume. Let those who have the "Nasby Letters" turn to it and see for themselves:

Bradford, Pa., Nov. 2.—Publishers Blade:—I received the "Nasby Letters," and am well pleased with them. I read a good many of them when a boy, but they are always new. Nasby must have had a prophet's vision, as many of his letters seem to meet the present time and administration, and especially the letter on page 242, which ought to be read by every voter in the United States and especially by all soldiers. I am respectfully yours, W. H. PRATT.

The following are a few among the many recent letters we have received from those who have obtained the volume as a premium with The Weekly Blade:

Fulton, O., Nov. 4.—Publishers Blade:—We were made glad last evening by the reception of the "Nasby Letters." We anticipate much pleasure reading them. We are glad to have the book in our library. Please accept thanks.

MRS. RACHEL HEALD.

Trundle's X Roads, Tenn., Oct. 26.—Publishers Blade:—My copy of "Nasby Letters" came to hand, for which please accept thanks. No one can afford to miss such a grand book and a first-class paper at such a low price. Yours truly,

J. H. ROBERTS.

Celeste, Tex., Oct. 28.—Publishers Blade:—I received my copy of the "Nasby letters," and ever so well pleased with it, as it recalls to my mind so many incidents of those troublesome times from 1861 to 1865, and to read them in their original issue. Thanking you for promptness and fair dealing, I will wish you success in your calling and remain yours in F. C. and L.,

I. P. ADAMS.

Yellow Springs, Ind., Oct. 20.—Publishers Blade:—I received the "Nasby Letters" all right; very proud of it. I think The Blade is worth the dollar without the book. Out of nine weekly papers I take, the old Blade is my favorite. It leads them all. I cannot do without it. I have now "Old Dr. Carlin's Receipt Book," "Nasby in Exile," and the "Nasby Letters"—three grand books. I have been taking The Blade for about eighteen years, and hope to take it more. Wishing The Blade may always have a keen edge for the right, I remain yours,

N. F. RICKERDS.

OUR VESSEL TRAFFIC.

Our free trade friends in the East never weary of groaning over the "decay" of American commerce. They base their plaints upon statistics of our ocean-carrying trade, which show that 34 years ago 75 per cent of our exports and imports were carried in American bottoms, while now they carry but 13 per cent of it. This is true; but it is a partial and one-sided view of our total vessel traffic, of which the foreign trade is but a minor part. It leaves out of sight our internal commerce on the Great Lakes and rivers, and our coastwise trade in our own waters.

Mr. T. J. Vivian produced figures at the Water Commerce Congress in Chicago recently, which show clearly the amazing growth of our domestic commerce. He shows from the records that, during the 30 years ended in 1890, we built 1,747 ships and barks, 575 barges, 12,423 schooners, and 17,359 sloops and other small craft—a total of 32,104 sailing and unrigged craft, representing 5,159,605 tons of tonnage, together with 10,652 steamers having a total tonnage of 2,864,066 tons—a grand aggregate of 42,756 craft of all kinds, having a tonnage of 8,023,671 tons.

He also made a comparison between the vessels of Great Britain and of the United States engaged in the carrying trade in 1890, which demonstrates the fact—unpleasing as it may be to our free trade friends—that in the aggregate of foreign and domestic traffic we are not far behind Great Britain, who arrogates to herself the title of the greatest maritime nation in the world. The totals of the two fleets, according to Mr. Vivian, stand as follows: Great Britain, 17,354 craft; the United States, 24,579. Great Britain, tonnage, 7,641,154; the United States, 7,584,916 less than 60,000 tons behind Great Britain in the tonnage account, and 7,025 craft ahead.

This statement may be surprising to many, but its correctness can not be doubted. It shows us very close to our great rival in commerce, and the one-sided and partial nature of the free trade argument. Furthermore, it is to be remembered that Great Britain's foreign trade is fostered by heavy subsidies, paid by the government. The stupid obstinacy of Democratic Congressmen has prevented this government from entering upon the same policy—the only one by which we can hope to regain the foreign carrying trade we lost during the war. But our internal commerce, protected from competition of British "tramp" vessels, has developed to magnificent proportions. Give our vessel men equal opportunity with competing nations on the ocean highways, and equally splendid results will be shown.

Wilson's cellar junta, composed of the Democratic members of the Ways and Means committee, proposes to complete its "revenue only" tariff bill without allowing a single Republican member of the committee to inspect it. Then the bill will be turned over to them for ten days, to prepare their minority report, when the measure will be reported in the House. Until that time there will but very little be certainly known about the measure.

During October, the public debt increased $5,141,053. The regular monthly increase of the debt is getting to be an old story. It was not so during Harrison's administration; but then Democratic administrations have always been debt-making, not debt-paying.

New York has been a weak imitator of Chicago. No sooner does a crank break loose in the Western metropolis than an acre of them springs up in New York.

Congressman Weadock seems to have a very large wheel revolving in his head.

PURELY PERSONAL.

The Prince of Wales is very fond of wearing old clothes, probably because he doesn't have to.

Mrs. Levi P. Morton has leased the house formerly occupied by Senator Jones of Nevada, in order to supervise the complete education of her daughters.

Attorney General Olney is credited with an intention of resigning his office, and in Boston there is a belief that Governor Russell will eventually sit for a Cabinet photograph.

According to foreign papers, Prince Bismarck is allowing his beard to grow, not being able to handle his razor, and it is hoped that it will help to prevent the cut in his face.

Congressman William Everett, of Massachusetts, is to make several speeches for the Democrats of that state during the close of the campaign. He will speak in Boston next Wednesday.

The Choctaw council has voted to send a delegate to Washington to look after the interests of the nation before Congress. He is to be paid a salary of $1,000 a year, with $2,000 for incidental expenses.

A visitor in Washington at present is Ivan Ottlik, of Buda-Pesth, a member of the royal Hungarian ministry of agriculture. His journey to America is for the purpose of investigating American agricultural economy.

Everett Chauncey Dumpee, of Cambridge, Mass., a member of the present freshman class of Harvard, is completely blind, but intends to take the full course for the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

Mrs. Grant, widow of General Grant, has decided upon making Washington her permanent home. She has spent some time recently searching for a suitable house, but thus far has not succeeded in finding one.

William K. Vanderbilt is arranging for a two years' cruise in his steam yacht Valiant. He will be accompanied by Mrs. Vanderbilt, their children, W. K. Sterling and Miss Consuelo and several friends of the family.

At an elaborate dinner given him in London Zola maintained his reputation as an abstemious man by neither eating nor drinking during the entire evening. Not yet, according to a London journal, was his menu was a real three-volume novel in gastronomy."

Loren Cushman, of Chenango county, New York, believes the coming winter will be the most severe experienced since 1816. One of his reasons for thinking so is that the corn husks are unusually thick, and another is "the hog's melt runs paper instead of smooth."

Mrs. Livermore says that she first met Lucy Stone 50 years ago, at an anti-slavery bazar in Boston, and that she then, as to-day overture, weighing not more than 100 pounds, and with the pretty pink color imaginable in her girlish cheeks.

Prof. Anton von Werner has been ordered again by the Emperor of Germany. His term of office as director of the Academy of High School for the Fine Arts came to an end on September 30, but the emperor, not wishing to lose the services of the famous artist, extended the term another five years.

President Garfield's farm in Mentor, O., is to be cut up in building lots, the intention being to make it the nucleus of a town to be called Garfield, and to be a summer home of wealthy citizens of Cleveland, said to be the projectors of the scheme. The farm is about twenty miles from the center of Cleveland.

The Crown Princess of Greece, sister of the Emperor of Germany, has been a sufferer recently from inflammation of the lungs. At first grave fears for her recovery were entertained and alarming reports regarding her condition circulated in Athens. These, however, proved to be exaggerated, and the physicians hope that she will soon be able to resume her wonted duties.

ODDS AND ENDS.

The Florida orange crop is reported good.

Gingham comes to us from the Javanese language.

Broadcloth took its name from its unusual width.

Marigold took its name from Queen Mary Stuart.

A Philadelphia hat dealer says there is least profit in selling silk hats.

Over 200 lynchings have taken place in the South during the present year.

Emigration from European Russia to Siberia is on the increase and reached 100,000 in 1892.

There are fewer lawyers in the English Parliament than in the American House of Representatives.

More than $1,000,000 is invested in club houses

Publishers' Column.

NICKEL SILVER TABLE WARE.

It is Better Than Plated Stuff and Saves Much Worry.

We are now enabled to offer to subscribers to The Blade (and to subscribers only, remember) teaspoons, dessert spoons, tablespoons, and forks, made of a composition known as nickel silver. This table ware so closely resembles solid silver that an expert might be deceived, and not only the first-class hotels but many private families are discarding plated ware and substituting this. It is indestructible, does not tarnish so easily as solid silver from exposure to the air, and it is finished in the same manner as the solid silver goods. The patterns are no thicker than solid silver; the smooth pattern requires absolute perfection in the casting, which is not necessary where the stamp will hide the minute pinholes. It can be engraved with monogram or initials, like silver.

The advantage of solid metal tableware lies in the fact that it can be used constantly everywhere, and in the roughest manner, scoured with sand or polished with chalk, and there is nothing to wear off or wear out.

Prices.

They are sent by registered mail, postpaid, at the following prices:

1 dozen teaspoons	$1.25
½ dozen teaspoons	.80
1 dozen tablespoons or forks	2.35
½ dozen tablespoons or forks	1.55
1 dozen dessert spoons or forks	2.00
½ dozen dessert spoons or forks	1.15

These are made only in the one pattern. They are not sent by express. There can be no variation from these offers. Only subscribers to The Blade can buy at these prices, but they can buy as much as they like.

WANT A WATCH?

Then Here is Your Golden Opportunity.

Do you want a watch? If you do, you want a good one. In these days of excellent watches you cannot afford to carry a poor one. The Elgin and Waltham watches represent the perfection of mechanical skill and artistic beauty. They are recognized the world over as the finest timepieces that have yet been devised. These are the watches that we offer to you, and at prices far below those charged in shops.

When a purchaser receives a watch he may submit it to an expert, and if at the end of three days he is satisfied that the watch is not up to the guarantee he should at once return it to this office, when his money will be refunded in full. No watches can be sent C. O. D., and no samples can be sent. Every watch is guaranteed to be the latest product of the Waltham or Elgin factories, whichever the purchaser may select.

In ordering BE SURE to state the number of the offer, say whether you want Elgin or Waltham, and give the price, that we may understand clearly what you want.

Here are the watches we offer. All are stem winders and setters:

Offer No. 1—The Toledo Blade Special.

GOLD WATCH, MEN'S SIZE, $16.75.

This watch is exactly like a $100 solid gold watch in everything except the expense. The case is made of two plates of solid gold, 14 kt. fine, so thick that they will last twenty years. Between these plates is a thin sheet of stiff composition metal, the purpose of which is to protect the works from damage when the watch is pressed or struck. The ring, joints, thumb-piece, and all parts subjected to constant wear, are solid gold. The works contain a regulator so plain that a child can work it, and contain jewels, compensating expansion balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus. The works much resemble the celebrated Waltham "Riverside," a movement known the world over. This watch is offered to Blade subscribers only, but any subscriber may buy all he wishes for his friends. Price of either Open Face or Hunting Case, delivered, $16.75.

NO. 11-2—BLADE EXTRA.

Gold Watch, Men's Size, $14.50.

For a short time we will sell No. 1½ for $14.50. It is the same as No. 1 in looks. This case is guaranteed to be gold-filled and good for 15 years' wear. We will send it to any Blade subscriber in hunting case only, including free delivery, for $14.50.

Offer No. 2—Men's Size.

GOLD WATCH, $14.35.

No. 2 is a men's size Waltham or Elgin gold-filled hunting-case watch, stem wind and set; the works contain seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, and all improvements. It is an accurate timepiece, which looks just like a $100 solid gold watch. The case is guaranteed to wear 15 years. Watch clubs have been selling this watch for $18. Our price by registered mail, delivery prepaid and guaranteed, is only $14.35.

Offer No. 3—Men's Size.

OPEN-FACE GOLD WATCH—$12.

No. 3 is a magnificent gold-filled open face watch, with Waltham or Elgin works, seven jewels, expansion balance, plain regulator, etc. Hundreds can easily get $35 for this watch in cash or exchange. The manufacturers guarantee the case to wear 15 years. Price, by registered mail, $12.

Offer No. 4—Men's Size.

WALTHAM OR ELGIN—$5.50.

No. 4 is a men's size Waltham or Elgin watch, containing seven jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, stem-winding and setting, and all the latest improvements. The case is solid nickel silver, open face, and the crystal is made of plate glass, so heavy as to withstand any strain. The usual price of this watch is $8.50 to $12.50. We send it to subscribers by registered mail for $5.50.

Offer No. 5—Lady's Size.

SOLID GOLD WATCH—$22.50.

No. 5 is a genuine Waltham or Elgin watch, in a handsomely engraved solid gold case, warranted to be 14 k. gold. Each watch is a stem-winder and setter, with compensation balance, patent safety pinion and tempered hair-spring. We will send this elegant time-piece to any subscriber, delivery guaranteed and prepaid, for $22.50.

Offer No. 6—Lady's Size.

GOLD WATCH—$13.25.

No. 6 is a seven-jeweled lady's watch, in an engraved hunting case, either Waltham or Elgin movement, the gold on which is guaranteed by the manufacturers good for at least 15 years' wear. It is a magnificent time-keeper, and usually sells at from $18 to $25. Subscribers should get it for $20. Sent by registered mail to any subscriber for only $13.25.

Offer No. 8—Blade Special.

Open face or hunting case, Waltham or Elgin works. It has the appearance and most of the good qualities of a $200 watch. The movement (18 size) contains 15 jewels, compensation balance, safety pinion, patent regulator, and all improvements. The case is the thinnest filled watch case ever made; that is, the watch when closed in the pocket is thin. The lids of the case are the usual thickness, and form a perfect protection for the movement. The case is made of a plate of fine composition metal, over which two heavy sheets of 14k. gold are drawn, making a case that is for all purposes as good as solid gold, and warranted for 20 years. Every part which is subjected to constant wear, such as the ring, thumb-piece, joint plugs, hinges, etc., is of solid gold. This is just the watch for doctors, lawyers, clergymen, county committeemen, and all others who wish an accurate timekeeper. As a present it cannot be excelled. It is so thin and convenient in form that it will even make a good and satisfactory ladies' watch, and is especially recommended for school teachers and other professional women on account of its accuracy, which is equaled by no watch made especially for ladies.

We will send this watch, open face or hunting case, as desired, by registered mail, to any of our subscribers for $22.00.

No. 9—"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham.

FULL JEWELED MEN'S SIZE.

"P. S. Bartlett" Waltham works contain 7 jewels, four pairs in solid gold settings, Breguet hair spring, hardened and tempered in form, patent regulator, compensation expansion balance, safety pinion, stem winding and setting apparatus, adjusted double-sunk dial. Delivery guaranteed and prepaid in the following cases:

Gold-filled 15-yr. hunting case (engraved)	$22 00
Gold-filled 15-yr. case, open face (engraved)	18 50
In solid coin silver case (3 oz.), open face or hunting	17 25
In solid nickel silver case, dust proof, open face	12 25

No. 10—In Honor of Columbus—The Waltham World's Fair Extra.

GOLD WATCH, ELEGANT GOLD ENAMELED DIAL, NO. 1492. PRICE, $20.

No. 1492 is a magnificent Waltham watch, named and numbered in honor of Columbus. It has cut balance, patent safety pinion, stem-winding and setting apparatus, jeweled balance, quick train, dust band, etc. It has a beautiful genuine gold-enameled dial, with Arabic figures, which gives to the watch the appearance of a $200 timepiece. The case is made of solid 14k. gold in two plates, stiffened between with a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal. The gold is warranted to last 20 years. The ring, joint plugs, thumb-piece, and all parts subjected to constant wear are solid gold. The works are good for at least 50 years' wear. Price, $20 in hunting case and $19 in open face.

"THE LIMITED."

14k. Gold-Filled Watch, Men's Size Hunting Case—No. 2487. Price $12.50.

The two following watches compose our new limited offer. This offer is limited in every way. The number of watches we can sell at this price is limited and the time the offer will last is also limited. No. 2487 has either Waltham or Elgin works, with seven elegant jewels, compensating expansion balance, patent safety pinion, plain regulator, quick train (18,000 beats to the hour) and all the latest improvements. The case (hunting only) is made of solid gold, 14k. fine, in two plates, between which a thin sheet of very stiff composition metal is placed for the purpose of making the case stronger and giving protection to the works. This watch is sold by watch clubs and installment men for $38, and it is worth it. We will send one to any subscriber, safe delivery prepaid and guaranteed, for $12.50.

Ladies' Size Hunting Case 14k. Gold-Filled Watch—No. 2488, Price $12.50.

This magnificent watch is just like No. 2487, but ladies' size. It is a most attractive watch, especially desirable where a lady wishes something really handsome at a reasonable price. The color of the gold is rich, and the timekeeping qualities of the watch are of high order. Price, delivered, $12.50.

In ordering BE SURE to state the number of the offer, say whether you want Elgin or Waltham, and give the price, that we may understand clearly what you want.

If you are not a subscriber to The Blade, add one dollar to prices above stated when you order, and we will enter you on our subscription list for one year. Address "THE BLADE, Toledo, Ohio."

WATCH CHAINS.

In appearance, there is no difference between a rolled gold chain worth $10, and a solid gold chain worth $100; and really there is no difference after half a lifetime's wear. So many of our watch buyers desire us to supply them with chains that we have arranged to supply gold filled chains, which for many years' wear are fully equal to solid gold. They are all guaranteed to wear five years, if properly used. The prices below include free safe delivery:

No. 1—Men's rolled gold filled "trace" chain	$1 00
No. 2—Men's heavy rolled gold filled "cable" chain	1 50
No. 3—Men's stylish chain, rolled gold filled, long and short links combined	4 50
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7. The Horse Fair.
8. Columbus at the Court of Spain.
9. The Landing of Columbus.
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YOU'VE SEEN HIM.

Though very much he loves to smoke,
He better loves to talk.
And oft his ways the friends provoke
He meets upon a walk;
For many a match he lights with care,
Then turns his head about
And talks and nods and puffs the air
And lets the match go out.
—New York Times.

CHICAGO AFTER THE FAIR.

What the Past Six Months Have Done for the Great City.

Speaking of the influence of the World's Fair on investments in Chicago property D. C. Campbell, of the Campbell Investment company, said to a Herald reporter that he expected the very best results.

"Though they came pretty high, aside from their advertisement value," said Mr. Campbell, "Chicago has this year given some good object lessons as to her resources to the world. Recently, when the United States Treasury reserve was depleted to $87,000,000 and the country seemed to be brought face to face with the suspension of gold payments, and the New York clearing house resorted to certificates, Chicago, in conspicuous contrast with New York and the East, stood resolutely up to the counter and accommodated her customers with cash. This is a kind of chicken that comes home to roost, and conversation with bankers from that section, we learn that the West contemplates transferring its accounts from New York to Chicago.

"Then, while other countries and cities are still unnerved by silks and dagger multitudes, the country is wondering how, with such ease and absence of friction, Chicago disposed of the army of unemployed that lately thronged the lake front. The simple fact is that when, as the result principally of the silver purchase policy, their ranks, augmented largely by free shipments of refugees from those states which are the greatest alleged beneficiaries of the Sherman law, had swollen to 100,000, the city put its hand down into its private pocket and organized charities and inaugurated public works, and to-day practically everybody in Chicago is fed and employed.

"But probably the greatest advertisement secured by any city, at least of modern times, is that of Chicago, incident to the World's Fair, which has carried her name to every nook of civilization and barbarism. But if the securing of the great exposition was a gratification to her pride, the magnificent manner in which she has practically carried it to a triumphant completion, will have a commercial value to Chicago, in turning the attention of investors to the city's enterprise and financial resources. In the face of the fact that every one of the eight previous world's fairs proved a financial failure, the hardiest financier might well have had misgivings about the outcome of the big show."

"But Chicago grit proved equal to the undertaking, and on Chicago day, though the enterprise had cost $30,000,000, the discharging of the entire indebtedness was an exhibition of stupendous financiering, new to the world. And the astounding success with which it was managed is not being lost upon business men, with a view to location, who realize how potent such enterprise is in the development of a great city. The immensity of the attendance has only been equaled by the Paris Exposition, although there was but a small admission fee and there was a larger urban population to draw from. Abroad, poverty and the lack of railroad facilities would render impossible such an attendance as the one here. Indeed, it may well be doubted if such a result would have been made possible in any other city on this continent than in Chicago, which is the most centrally located as to population and railroads.

"This is one of the facts which assure that Chicago's growth will keep pace with the growth of the country and which is bringing this city, as an objective point, to the attention of manufacturers and other investors who are visiting the Fair. Professional men are reconnoitering for location here. Capitalists are on the lookout. A gentleman from Seattle tells us he is surprised at the opportunities for investment here; that he would rather have $100,000 here than $500,000 in his city. And an extensive manufacturer from Saxony, who has an exhibit at the Fair, was in the other day looking for a site. The greatness of Chicago shares equally with the white city the wonder of visitors. Business men in general who are in search of a location, or expect to be, seem to be taking notice of the city's unrivaled possibilities, and we wouldn't be surprised if next year there should be an influx of population such as her already phenomenal growth has never seen. The country everywhere is drawing the only logical inference in regard to this city which her recent great accomplishments would warrant; that Chicago possesses a most remarkable reserve of vitality, with an opportunity for business. It is this fact that renders her future greater, and as certain as her past."

Different Risks.

"What's the price of an accident ticket?" asked the traveler.

"Well," replied the agent thoughtfully "if you take the last section of the train we can make you out one for a quarter. If you propose to ride in the last car of the first section, we don't want you at all."—Indianapolis Journal.

STRANGE ART OF A NEW KIND OF "SEVENTH DAUGHTER."

Calls Herself a "Labialist," and a Sketch of Your Mouth and Chin Shows Your Nature.

There's a new kind of "Seventh Daughter." She calls herself a labialist. If you want to know just exactly the sort of husband Jack will make all you have to do is to take his photograph to the labialist, cover his eyes and nose, and let her have one good look at his mouth. In less than five minutes you'll either be the happiest girl in the world or the most miserable, writes Annie Laurie, in the San Francisco Examiner.

She told me a whole lot of things about a handful of photographs last

TOO CREDULOUS.

week. I wonder if any of them are true.

"There's a girl," she said, picking up a dear little curly-haired San Francisco beauty, "that's too credulous. She believes every word she is told. She is good-natured and good-hearted and she is just a wee bit indolent. She doesn't get vexed easily, but when she is vexed she's likely to have a fit of the sulks. She does not talk much, but she laughs a great deal, more out of good-nature than from much sense of humor.

"She's fond of her own comfort, and doesn't see the fun in what she calls 'pleasure exertions.' She likes to sit in a boat and be rowed, or to sit in a carriage and drive. She does not 'go in' for active sports.

"Will she make a good wife? Yes,

A TREMENDOUS PARTISAN.

she will. She is easily conformed to the tastes of one she loves, and she is far too easy-going to 'nag.' When she is older she will make charities her fad. She is very tender-hearted, and cannot bear to see suffering of any sort. There is no trace of jealousy or envy in her disposition. If the rest of her features are as nice as her mouth she ought to be a very pretty girl, and she must have a pair of very large soft eyes. They always go with a mouth like this."

The Seventh Daughter said all this very rapidly. She saw nothing but the mouth and chin, for the photograph was cut in two just below the nose.

"There, there's a pensive mouth.

A GOOD, CONSCIENTIOUS GIRL.

The girl that owns that mouth may laugh at the idea now, but in five years she'll be very religious. She's dreamy, imaginative and not at all practical. She's fond of moonlight and of music, and she has a secret belief in love at first sight. She is gentle and sweet-mannered. She is very fond of dogs, and she can never pass a kitten without wanting to pet it. She will be devoted to her husband, heart and soul, and she will be apt to be unhappy in her marriage unless she marries exactly the right kind of man. She expects a great deal of devotion—more than the average man is willing to give—after marriage, and she's the sort of girl who likes to have a man read poetry to her. She ought

WOULD LIKE TO BE A MAN.

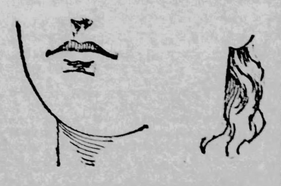
to be very graceful, and she has a lovely voice. She is very refined in her tastes, and she will have to look out as she grows older, or she will be inclined to fancy herself abused and talk about the 'unfeeling world.' She is single-hearted and sincere, and she is the stuff of which martyrs are made. Her family affections are very strong.

"There's a quick-temepered mouth. A mouth that says sharp things and doesn't mean them. The owner of that mouth likes candy and cake and all sorts of sweet things. She's impetuous, impulsive, quick to form an opinion, and she's a tremendous partisan.

"She is either her friend or her enemy. She knows no moderation. She's a girl of accomplishments. She can dress a salad like a chef and she knows good terrapin from bad with her eyes shut. She's fond of dress and likes admiration. She gets plenty of both. She ought to be an excellent swimmer and a good horsewoman. She makes friends easily. She's full of fun, and she knows a joke from an epitaph. The man who marries her

INCLINED TO BE SATIRICAL.

will get an exacting wife, but one who will be very fond of him. She is jealous and very high spirited. She is a bit of a flirt now, but once married she'll be domestic enough. She is devoted to society, and she passionately fond of dancing. She is full of high spirits, and she hates anything slow and stupid. She always wants to laugh when a man talks sentiment, yet she's never so happy as when

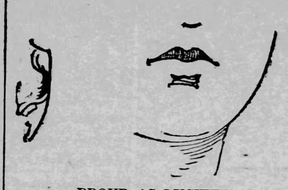


THIS MOUTH MEANS AFFECTION.

some man is hopelessly in love with her and tells her of it.

"Here is a girl who says she wishes she could be a man for one day just to show men how to make themselves agreeable.

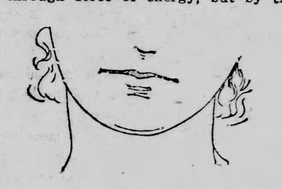
"She's a coquette, that girl, a demure coquette, who can talk sentiment and look unutterable thinks. She's a very clever girl, full of originality, and has a good mind. She's fond of reading, fond of music and fond of the theater. She is never happy unless she is in love, and she will think herself in love many times. She is a good friend, yet she doesn't know how to keep an enemy. She does not have to forgive—she forgets. She has an artistic eye, and her taste



PROUD AS LUCIFER.

is exquisite. She is much brighter than the average girl, and if she were not spoiled by society she would make a career for herself. She would make a good actress. She is what Spiritualists call 'a sensitive.' She understands people easily, and she is rather ambitious. Her chin shows resolution and courage. She is capable of great sacrifices, and she is a girl whose friends will always be getting surprises by her unexpected resources.

"Proud, this girl, proud as Lucifer, and ambitious. She would kill herself or another for the man she loved. She does not reason, this girl, she feels. She is like some of the old Italian noble women, with their fierce jealousy and her invincible will. She is born to lead, not like the other, through force of energy, but by the



SHE WILL BE VERY RELIGIOUS.

power that lies in herself. She is indolent and not easily angered. She is above petty meannesses, but it is not good to provoke her to wrath. She is very fond of music, and she dances like a seraph. She belongs in another century, that proud, wilful girl. She is out of harmony with the commonplace, dollars-and-cents world about her."

The Seventh Daughter rattled on like a phonograph. There was no modulation of her voice, no shading in her expression. Her weazened little face was drawn and haggard, and her sharp little green eyes glittered from beneath heavy brows. She saw nothing but the mouth and chin of "the subjects," but she spoke as confidently as if she had known them all

NEVER TOO TIRED TO LAUGH.

her life and had watched them furtively from her pent house brows for years.

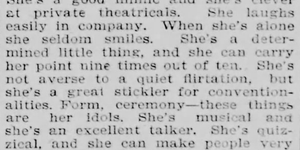
"That mouth," she said, pouncing upon part of a sketch of a merry-eyed damsel, "that mouth belongs to a girl who laughs a great deal. She was bright at her books at school, and foreign languages come easily to her now. She's witty and she's inclined to be satirical. She has a good deal of common sense, and she says that silly people 'make her tired.' Yes, she's slangy, a little, but it's

A LITTLE VAIN.

only breezy, when she talks slang, and nobody minds. She's the sort of a girl who would marry a poor man if she liked him, and never dream of asking any one's advice. She'd make him a good wife, too, and in ten years she'd save enough to buy real estate and live in comfort.

"This young lady is a little vain. She's a good mimic and she's clever at private theatricals. She laughs easily in company. When she's alone she seldom smiles. She's a determined little thing, and she can carry her point nine times out of ten. She's not averse to a quiet flirtation, but she's a great stickler for conventionalities. Form, ceremony—these things are her idols. She's musical and she's an excellent talker. She's quizzical, and she can make people very uncomfortable by her innocent questions. She's reserved and inclined to be secretive. She is calm, self-possessed and even-tempered. She is in her proper sphere. She is a born society woman

"This is a light-hearted, witty girl who is never too tired to laugh. She's very mischievous and her friends call her a terrible tease. She is not susceptible. She is not easily moved in any way except to laughter. She never cries at a theater, and she would be ashamed to shed tears over a novel. She is wonderfully observ-



AN UNUSUAL GIRL, THIS.

ant, and she has a remarkably good memory. She is a little merciless in her ridicule and she is a good financier."

The Seventh Daughter paused over the next sketch.

"Um-m-m," she said dubiously. "Um-um," and then she nodded.

"An unusual girl that," she said. "She thinks for herself. She knows her own mind, but she isn't one of the shrieking sisterhood that split the ears of the groundlings telling people that she has a mind. She's a girl who could nurse a dying woman and never flinch from the fatigue and anxiety of the sick chamber. She's a girl that could comfort a friend in adversity, a girl who could keep a secret, a girl who could be faithful and constant and loving."

The Seventh Daughter grew quite enthusiastic. "Let me see the rest of that face," she said. "No, after all, I won't look. The mouth and chin are enough for me."

"Here's a good conservative girl," she went on, taking up another sketch, "one interested in human nature, too, and no such bad judge of that article, if it comes to that. She should make a good actress in the tragedy line. Clever at sketching, too, I think, and at music. She's an artist to her finger tips. She ought to live in a garret and paint pictures.

"This chin means affection. This mouth means affection. The whole life of this girl will be controlled by the man she marries. She's domestic and fond of the little comforts that make home agreeable. She's—but I'm very tired now," said the Seventh Daughter suddenly, yawning undisguisedly, "and it's time for my cup of tea."

And not one word more would she say.

Russo-French Alliance.

Mme. Juliette Adam, whose organ La Nouvelle Revue has for many years been advocating and trying to bring about a Russo-Franco alliance, has started a monster subscription for the purpose of giving each of the Russian sailors—on the occasion of the visit of the Russian fleet in French waters—a tiny brooch as a souvenir for their sweethearts or wives.

The Sunday School.

Imitation of Christ.

LESSON VIII., NOVEMBER 19, 1893.

Golden Text: And be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.—Eph. 4:32.

LESSON TEXT.

(Eph. 4:20-32.)

20. But ye have not so learned Christ;
21. If so be that ye have heard him, and have been taught by him, as the truth is in Jesus:
22. That ye put off concerning the former conversation the old man, which is corrupt according to the deceitful lusts;
23. And be renewed in the spirit of your mind;
24. And that ye put on the new man, which after God is created in righteousness and true holiness.
25. Wherefore putting away lying, speak every man truth with his neighbor: for we are members one of another.
26. Be ye angry, and sin not: let not the sun go down upon your wrath:
27. Neither give place to the devil.
28. Let him that stole steal no more: but rather let him labor, working with his hands the thing which is good, that he may have to give to him that needeth.
29. Let no corrupt communication proceed out of your mouth, but that which is good to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace unto the hearers.
30. And grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, whereby ye are sealed unto the day of redemption.
31. Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamour, and evil speaking, be put away from you, with all malice:
32. And be ye kind one to another, tenderhearted forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you.

Illustrative Applications.

Ye did not so learn Christ (v. 20). What havoc this suggestion makes with our ways and words and thoughts, our covetousness and greed, our self-seeking and double dealing, our uncharitableness and fault-finding, our sloth and indolence, our distrust and worry! We did not so learn Christ, but we do so misrepresent him. It were well for us to stop and consider whether what we do or say or think is in accordance with what we learned from Christ, or is contrary to his spirit and teachings.

Put away, as concerning your former manner of life, the old man (v. 22). What we have been is of less importance that what we are to be. Even if it were true that our ancestors were lower than the monkeys, that would be no reason why we should not aspire to become higher than the angels. Even though we were not, in our earlier life, what we ought to have been, there are possibilities before us toward which we are to strive untiringly. Whatever of humiliation there is in the thought of our darkest past, there is inspiration in the hope of our glorious future in Christ. Put away, therefore, as concerning your former life, the old man, and reach out after something higher and better.

Be renewed in the spirit of your mind, and put on the new man (vs. 23, 24). A knowledge of what we may become is a call to us to become what we may. If there is a future better than our past, then it is our duty to turn away from that past and to strive toward that future. The truth of the old man and the new man, the old nature and the new nature, is a practical truth, as well as a theological dogma; and every one of us has something to do in the matter of putting away the old man and putting on the new man. Here is work for us, seven days in the week, for all the rest of our lives.

Wherefore, putting away falsehood, speak ye truth, each one with his neighbor (v. 25). It has been said by careless thinkers that the Bible is not very explicit against the sin of lying; but this injunction seems to be pretty specific. If we have been in the habit of lying, we are to change our habit, putting away the old habit, and taking on a new one. All men are our neighbors, and we are to speak truth to all our neighbors. That leaves no one on earth to whom we are privileged to lie. What could be more sweeping than this?

Be ye angry, and sin not: let not the sun go down upon your wrath (v. 26). It is easy enough to be angry, but it is not so easy to refrain from sinning while we are angry. Indeed, the thought of keeping clear of sin is not usually the prominent thought in an angry man's mind. We must be careful not to get added encouragement to righteous anger from this passage without getting an added warning against sinning in anger. And then that injunction never to allow anger to stick in our hearts after sundown! These Bible requirements are in conflict with so many of our inclinations and practices. Can it be that the Bible is right in running counter to our favorite ways of thinking and doing?

Grieve not the Holy Spirit of God, in whom ye were sealed unto the day of redemption (v. 30). This is a word to Christians, not to unbelievers. It is only one who is a friend, or a professed friend, who can be said to "grieve" his friend. The Holy Spirit is not a dweller in the heart of an unbeliever. He makes his home with and in those who already believe on Jesus. But if we who claim to be followers of Christ do not heed the loving guidance of the Holy Spirit, who represents Jesus in his absence, we therein grieve our best friend. It is not an influence, but a person, who is grieved. If the Holy Spirit be not a person, how can the Holy Spirit be grieved?—H. Clay Trumbull in S. S. Times.

—The best medical authorities say the proper way to treat catarrh is to take a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla.

A MOTHER'S LAST SONG.

Sleep! The ghostly winds are blowing,
No moon abroad, no star is glowing;
The river is deep and the tide is flowing
To the land where you and I are going!
We are going afar,
Beyond moon or star,
To the land where the sinless angels are!

I lost my heart to your heartless sire
('Twas nestled away by his locks of fire),
Forgot all else in my love for him,
All for the sake of a man's desire;
But now we'll go
Where the waters flow,
And make us a bed where none shall know.

The world is cruel, the world is untrue;
Our foes are many, our friends are few;
No work, no bread, however we sue!
What is there left for us to do
But—die—dearly
From the cruel sky
And hide in the deepest deeps—and die?
—Barry Cornwall.

An Interesting Man.

Mrs. Gushle—Dear me, the new minister is such an interesting young man.

Mrs. Winks—What did he talk about when he called?

Mrs. Gushly—I told him all about the baby's new tooth.—Chicago Inter-Ocean.

That Mysterious Language.

Guest—What is that pretty little octavo volume?

The German Linguist—That's a new edition of my rules of German grammar.

Guest—And what are all those quarto volumes near it?

The German Linguist—Those are exceptions to the rules.—Chicago Record.

What They Call Girl Students.

At Wesleyan: Quails.
At Andover: Fem. Sems.
At Michigan University: Co-eds.
At Cornell: Sage females.
At Yale: Snab.

Some Consolation.

"Vat is de matter, Leopold; vy you veep?"

"Vat you dink! My proder Isaac has peen carried away py a Western tornado. Not a trace of him to be found."

"Be comforted, Leopold; just dink, no funeral expenses!"—Life.

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FALL POETS.

Ah, yes, the melancholy days
Have crowned the fading year;
Above the wail of troubled woods
Rich golden tints appear;
Sweet warblers sing of summer joys
With wide-distended throats—
But let the little villains lie,
And don your overcoats!
—Plain Dealer.

Sister Susan's layer cape,
Penwiper like in style and shape,
The one she wore when winter's blast
Blew keenly in the year that's past,
May now be seen in bold array
On Susan's little sister May;
Likewise on Maude and Clara, too,
Sadie and Kate and sister Prue;
And if more girls should turn up there
She's several layers more to share.
—Boston Courier.

He fears no foe; no power of man
His wrath could make him smother—
But goodness gracious how he fears
His best girl's little brother.
—Washington Star.

We mourned the end of blossom time,
In garden and in wood,
But, thank the Lord, it's 'possum time,
And appetites are good!
—Atlanta Constitution.

FOR WORK AND PLAY.

What Children Are Wearing to School and Their Parties.

The always considerate manufacturer has turned out a material which will suit both the mothers of school-girls and those young persons them-

THE FROCK SHE WEARS TO SCHOOL.

selves. It is cashmere, and its durable qualities commend it to the maternal mind, but it is embroidered with silk polka dots of a contrasting shade, giving it a gayety which recommends it to the daughters.

The prettiest possible school frocks are made of this. The dress itself, as is illustrated in the cut, is usually made of plain cashmere. But there are plenty of frills over the shoulders of the embroidered goods to delight

HER PARTY DRESS.

the youthful wearer. The sleeves are of the dotted material, and the skirt is trimmed with a ruffle or band of it. This cashmere comes in all dark colors, and the dots are in all possible contrasting shades.

For those festivities known as children's parties, India silk continues to be the favorite material. The more simply the frock is made the better it is liked. A few frills of white lace about the yoke and a lace ruffle about the sleeves make the young wearer proud and happy, whether she is going to play dolls" all the afternoon, or going to a dancing school. As the India silks wash well, such gowns are really as inexpensive as they are dainty.

Yet He Gave It the Shake.

Uncle Allen had dropped into a cobbler's shop for repairs. As he rose up after putting on the mended shoe, he pulled up the chair with him.

"That lump of wax," said the shoemaker, "seems to have formed a strong attachment for you."

"I don't reciprocate," said Uncle Allen, "but I confess I'm a good deal stuck on this chair."—Chicago Tribune.

The Origin of Whigs.

Whigs were originally teamsters in Scotland, who used the term whiggam to encourage their horses. Opponents of the government in the Restoration period were derided as favoring the Scotch Covenanters, and hence were called Whiggams, afterwards Whigs.

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THE "NASBY LETTERS"

For months past the Toledo Blade has been preparing a surprise for its readers in the form of a new book publication.

Since the death of Mr. D. R. Locke, five years ago there has been a demand from all parts of the United States for a reprint of the "Nasby Letters," in book form, suitable for preservation. But few of these letters have ever been embodied in volumes, and those were the earlier numbers, written 25 or more years ago.

At a very great expense of time and money, we have collected all of the Nasby Letters ever written. This has been a huge task, as copies of these letters were never preserved except in files of the Toledo Blade, in whose columns they were published.

From them we have eliminated such letters as pertained to local or unimportant and forgotten topics—publishing, however, every number which is of interest to the general public. The entire collection makes one large volume of over 500 pages.

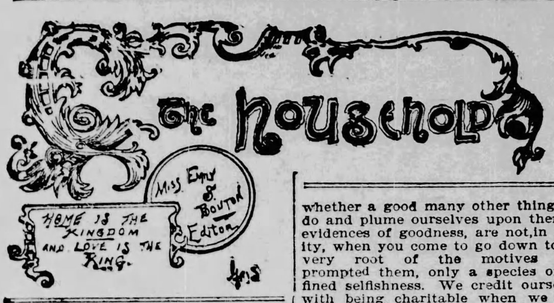
This volume will therefore give practically all of the "Nasby Letters" ever written and published in the Toledo Blade during the entire period from Mr. Locke's first connection with the paper until his death. It will be set in plain, readable type, giving, however, a large amount of matter on each page, and will contain between 500 and 600 pages. There will be matter enough in this book for a thousand pages, were it set in the ordinary type, like that used in "Nasby in Exile," but, owing to the immense amount in these letters, we have endeavored to make it very compact, and still have it in readily readable form.

As stated before this is the first and only publication of the bulk of the Nasby Letters in book form. As this matter is all copyrighted, it never can be published by any one else.

Why This Book is Published.

Notwithstanding the enormous demand for this publication from all parts of the Union, from those who are not subscribers to the Weekly Blade as well as from those who are, we wish it distinctly understood that we are not publishing this book for sale or profit. We have determined never to sell a copy for cash, and never to any one, except in connection with the Weekly Blade.

The readers of the Toledo Blade are those who will best appreciate the volume, and we believe every one of them will want a copy. We are therefore determined to present one copy of this book to each and every subscriber to the Toledo Week



ONLY WAIT.

Can you tell how the pansy petals grow?
Do you know where the clouds of the evening go?
Where the east winds rise, and the west winds blow?

Do you know the words of the robin's song?
Can you tell, when the music floats along,
Whether the notes are right or wrong?

Can you follow the snow-flake as it flies?
Can you tell how the mists of the morning rise,
Or the green leaf crimsons before it dies?

If you cannot fathom these simple things,
If your thought drops down when it tries its wings
So near the earth, and no answer brings;

Is it strange that you do not understand
The wonderful things that God has planned
For the life in the undiscovered land?

The robin's song you may not translate,
Nor the lines in the open book of fate,
But the truth is there, if you only wait.

If you only wait, faint heart, you'll find
The missing thread, and can unwind
All that Divinity designed

For us to know. Sometime, you'll say,
I see God's plan; I can trace his way.
You will understand, some day, some day.
—Woman's Journal.

HOME TALKS.

MISTAKEN ECONOMY AND SOME OTHER THINGS.

What to Do With Collections of Half-Worn Clothes—Wearing Out Bodies.

Sophonisba and I had entered upon our fall crusade, that is to say we were looking over the clothing which had been packed away in the spring, with an eye to its possibilities for winter's use. It is astonishing what a quantity of half-worn things an effort of this kind brings forth to your acquaintance, which you had forgotten existed. It is as if they had multiplied during their season of rest, preparing for one of emergence into life and use again, hoping by numbers to make up what they lack in beauty. For it is a truth that what seemed quite pretty and stylish when they were put away in the early spring days, wear a sort of a woebegone, deprecating air in the fall as if fully conscious that their beauty is passed and they have small chance by the side of the new and bright claimants for attention. One feels in looking at them a sort of pathetic pity that they can never be fresh and youthful again, even though they are smartened up, and try to make believe that they are as good as new. It is something the same sort of feeling that one has for a faded-out youth which still clings to the beauty and brightness of the past, trying to imagine that these have not gone forever.

"One thing I've observed," I said at last to Sophonisba confidentially, "clothes never seem to know how to grow old gracefully. Instead of letting age creep over them gradually, it seems as if they suddenly get into a rage because they believe themselves wearing out, and crack and yawn defiantly in a way that cannot be concealed while in the main they are still well and strong and comfortable looking. They're a good deal like folks who fret and worry because the years are passing, and age and weakness are coming, never thinking that they are doing the very thing to make themselves go to pieces before their time. But you can't do much in the way of making people over and that is where they differ from clothes."

Sophonisba did not answer and encouraged by her silence I went on. "It seems to me that these dresses and things in all stages of wear are pretty good types of the bodies we leave, when what is called Death takes us out of them into other conditions. I've often wondered why there could not be a more even wearing out of these physical encasements which we use only as instruments while we are gaining our experiences in the earth life. It would be so much better if they would just give out all at once without this breaking down by piecemeal, ears, teeth, eyes, and finally the locomotive powers. I believe that was the way Nature intended it to be, and if she had never been disturbed in her operations by man's wrong-doing, these bodies might have been laid off without all this pain and travail, when the proper evolutionary point was reached. One thing is certain though, and that is, we are expected to make the most and best of things as they are, gaining in spiritual strength by the overcoming of weakness, the patient endurance of suffering, and the forgetfulness of self in the thought for others."

"That is all right," broke in Sophonisba at this juncture. Sophonisba I must explain, does not always sympathize with my philosophies, so to speak, in all of their phases. "Never mind about our bodies, or the way they wear out, but help me decide what to do with this aggregation of half-worn clothes."

"Give them away," I answered promptly. For a moment she looked horrified, and I am free to confess that I was somewhat startled at my own proposition as we are not sufficiently stocked with this world's goods to make the purchase of a couple new outfit a matter of serene contemplation.

"I am not sure," at last said Sophonisba, slowly, "but that would be a good thing to do, with a part of this collection anyway. I sometimes think that in the habits of thrift and economy, as they are called, which we have cultivated, we overlook opportunities of doing real good. There are always busy women whose every moment must be given to earning enough for food and shelter, to whom a ready-made garment is a boon of great value. We shall have to pay just as much to have these made over, as if using new cloth, and we can manage to buy that if we only think so. Yes," she continued more decidedly, "I believe in trying to be careful and economical even often at the risk of mistakes in the way of not considering the needs of others which we might supply. We will give just about half of that collection to people who, otherwise, might be obliged to go without what is necessary, because they are not only not able to buy materials, but they have no time to make them up after they are bought."

When Sophonisba speaks in this decided fashion, the matter is settled. We have made the hearts of some hard-working women glad by our gifts, assured that, in one case at least, the timely bestowal of a respectable dress has turned what was almost despair into courage and hopefulness. Sophonisba says that what we supposed was economy was, after all, only a kind of selfishness masquerading as a virtue, and I guess she is right.

Sometimes it is a question with me whether a good many other things we do and plume ourselves upon them as evidences of goodness, are not, in reality, when you come to go down to the very root of the motives that prompted them, only a species of refined selfishness. We credit ourselves with being charitable when we give out of our comparative abundance because we are asked to do so, though into the giving enters not one thought of real love for humanity, nor any real self-sacrifice. We are not conscious of how this worship of self is the groundwork of almost everything which we do, but when the time comes that all of our thoughts and actions—the one being just as important as the other—are sifted down to rock bottom, most of us will be likely to be somewhat astonished at the result. Self-deception is about the easiest thing in the world, and we strut around in garments of its making without the least suspicion that we are so clothed. It would be a wise thing to ask ourselves what is really the prompting motive of what we call our good actions, and see whether, after all, vanity or ambition is not the key-note in nine cases out of ten.

I said something of this kind to Sophonisba one day shortly after the old clothes episode. "I do not doubt," she said, "but that we should all have to go down into the valley of humiliation, but I am not sure about that being an unmixed good. When people believe in themselves, they are full of hope and energy, ready to put forth effort in various directions, but once convince them that they are in reality humbugs, and the consequence would be a sort of recklessness leading to moral depravity. A little self-deception that holds people to usefulness is better, it seems to me, until the doing of good becomes a fixed habit rather than a spasmodic impulse, and the higher aspect of it will come later on."

Perhaps Sophonisba is right.

EMILY S. BOUTON.

HOUSEHOLD CHAT.

How We Can Make a Pleasant Thanksgiving for Others.

Several of The Blade family have written to ask the editor of the Household what they could do at Thanksgiving or Christmas time, to add to the pleasure of the family reunions that are expected at those times, or to help those who seldom have a "thanksgiving."

It seems as if when the members of a family are all together but once, or twice, a year, that the very fact that they are together would be sufficient pleasure of itself and that in the exchange of the happenings of a year, there would be enough to occupy the time generally given to such meetings, to the exclusion of "extra entertainments."

What we can do for others depends very much upon our surroundings. In a city where there are always hungry families to provide for, the question resolves itself into a matter of baskets of provisions, etc., but in the country and in small towns, where there are none who need, or will accept such assistance it is sometimes difficult to think of anything we can do, beyond inviting to our feast any who may be alone in the world. Because of this difficulty, the editor takes pleasure in telling you of a most beautiful idea that recently came to her knowledge. It may not be new to some of you, but for the benefit of those who may not have thought of it, I shall tell you of it.

A young clergyman with his heart full of love for his people, and whose happiness was to do the greatest good to the greatest number, but who was unable to do any charity work, because, in his whole parish there was not one family who needed help from others—think of that, you who are heart-broken because you cannot make the supply equal the demand for food and clothing and fuel among your poor people—this clergyman had to search the whole town over before he could find a family to whom the ladies of his church could send the Thanksgiving basket they had prepared, and when at last he found a place for it he felt as if it had been accepted more as a favor to him, than because it was really d sired.

So to this man with his heart overflowing with the desire to make some one happy came the thought of giving a reception to the old people of the church. The idea met with the hearty co-operation of the officers of the church (and their wives, for it would not have been much of a success without the wives) and on a certain day closed carriages were sent for each of the church members who had reached the three-score and ten limit; the committee on invitations having decided to draw the line at that age, and there were 45 persons conveyed to the residence of the family who were to have the honor of entertaining them.

Among the number were several who had also passed the "four-score" mark when life is supposed to become a burden, but there was no evidence of this feeling among these fathers and mothers of the church. All were anxious to go, and were interested in making their preparations. A few of the old men probably scouted at the idea, as some always will any new plan, but they all went.

Arrived at the house they found that although it was warmed by a furnace, the hostess with a thought of giving them an additional pleasure, had a fire of hickory wood snapping and blazing a welcome to them from a fire-place, and they enjoyed it—"it seemed like old times, and was a lot pleasanter than sitting around a hole in the floor, to get warm." They enjoyed gathering around this bright fire and talking over old times, the ladies who, when girls together, compared notes about the beaux, and parties (just as girls do now, and probably ever will) now "tried on" each other's spectacles to see how their sight compared, and exchanged confidences regarding their general health and family affairs.

A dinner of everything good, especially dishes cooked after the recipes of long ago, was served by the committee at 12 o'clock.

After this the singers of the church came in and sung all of the old hymn tunes, and the songs that were as familiar half a century ago, the guests enjoying the singing to the utmost, "beating time," and sometimes "joining in" with their weak and trembling voices when some especial favorite was sung.

As I was not present, I cannot tell you what that pastor did, but I can imagine him just beaming with happiness, watching very closely that no one could have a suspicion of being neglected; talking when there was need of a suggestion, but at other times proving himself to be the very prince of listeners to the old, old stories that were told.

For many weeks after this day was ended, these old people had food for pleasant memories of it, that helped them to pass many a lonely hour.

At the second reception, which was held on one of the loveliest of these October days, there were five of the number who met with them last year, who had been called to their reward. but the memory of their honest and helpful lives was not forgotten by their friends who were still in the flesh, and some of whom will, doubtless, meet them very soon.

Now do you not agree with me that this was a lovely idea; and it is one that can be carried out in almost any community if not in any one church?

A Pleasant Compliment.

The following was received by the editor of the Household, who desires to return her cordial and hearty thanks for the pleasant compliment thus kindly tendered. The matter has brought to her thought the possibility of other clubs using materials found in The Blade in lines of study, such as "Days and Nights in Old Japan," published last spring, a series of papers upon that country and people full of information most delightfully given. From time to time articles are published which would form the ground-work of much pleasant work.

Miss Emily S. Bouton, dear friend of the Household:

We, as members of the Rainbow club, organized in July, 1893, in the town of Owen, county of Winnebago, state of Illinois, for the purpose of doing all the good we can, one to the other, and helping each other in our everyday studies, at our last meeting adopted the following:

"Whereas, Having had the pleasure of hearing your highly interesting letters about the World's Fair (published in The Toledo Blade) read and discussed at our meetings; and

"Whereas, They have more than given satisfaction to our members, and have been of great benefit, as we were making a study of the World's Fair as well as meeting for social pleasure; therefore be it

"Resolved, That a copy of this declaration be spread in the form of resolutions on the minutes of the club, and also that a copy be sent to your address."

Secretary of the Club.

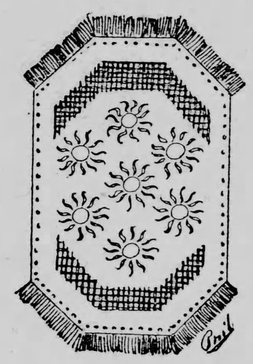
Owen, October 20, 1893.

HOME DECORATIVE WORK.

Descriptions of Articles for Different Uses Made at Home.

Pretty Centerpiece.

Cut out a piece of linen of the shape of the center of the illustration. Hem it with a very narrow hem and above that put a row of fancy stitches in white silk. Work irregularly over the center small boquets of flowers, or single designs of any shape liked. A very pretty one is the ring with rays proceeding outward. This is very pretty in yellow. Across the three sided ends put a broad insertion and



finish with lace or fringe. Another way of making this is to put drawn work in place of the insertion and then fringe.

These centerpieces can be made in many different ways, and they are always pretty on the table. They need, however, to be of good material as there is nothing that shows to greater disadvantage than a coarse or tawdry appearance in table decorations.

Shopping Bag.

For people who reside at a distance from the stores and desire to gather together a number of small parcels from different places, an article of this kind is most convenient. Of course they can be purchased made of cloth and leather which are very serviceable, but sometimes a thing which is the work of a friend gives a pleasure that cannot be measured.

This one seen in the illustration is made of two lengths of heavy ribbon sewed to a strip made of rings crocheted over the silk and sewed together. The bag is drawn up by means of ribbons passed through a shirr at the top.

Another bag, described in a recent issue of the same journal, is made of light-colored satin or silk. The bottom is drawn closely together and finished with tassels. The top is

turned down for a hem and a shirr made for a heavy silk cord to draw it up. The principal ornamentation is made around the center by a ruching of frayed silk, and above and below a row of embroidery in fancy silks. Instead of the ruching a flat band of velvet may be used, put on with fancy stitches upon the edge.

Three-Fold Screen Panel.

The following description of an article of this kind was given in the Art Interchange in reply to a question, and some of The Blade family may find it of use:

A very pleasing screen can be made with fretwork frieze panels and curtains, say in two panels, with a stationary embroidered or painted panel in the center. The frame may be of any ordinary white wood, planed and finished very smoothly, and ebonized or mahoganized. If ebonized, the fretwork may be gilded; if mahoganized, it may retain its natural color, making a pleasant contrast with the mahogany color. If you like ornamentation, put a Lincrusta moulding along the edge, glueing it with strong, hot glue, and staining it to match the stain of the screen. If you ebonize, set a panel of fretwork, either six or twelve inches deep, in the top part of each panel, and set underneath it a slender brass rod, to which hang a curtain of old gold, or else gold-colored satin sheeting, or some sort of figured yellow silk, one on each side panel, leaving the central panel for a stationary satin panel—a plum or deep garnet satin panel will be pleasing. On the stationary panel there might be embroidered some floral design in soft low pinks and olives. You can buy one of the Japanese satin panels, embroidered with twilled silks, in soft, low colors, mounting it on a small wooden frame, made just the size to admit of its fitting in the panel of the middle fold of the screen. Curtains of flax velours, one on either side, would also be suitable, and could be readily removed for dusting or packing when necessary. You must have the frieze panel made to accommodate either a six-inch or a twelve-inch panel of the fretwork, and each fold should be from 18 to 24 inches wide. Golden olive velours will be pleasing with a plum or garnet satin central fold panel. If you mahoganize, make curtains of peacock blue velours and central panel of deep old gold ground or brownish olive green ground, with the usual wisteria, cherry, bamboo and stork embroideries of the Japanese.

The holidays are drawing near, and the editor will be glad to have descriptions of new kinds of fancy work,, pretty gifts, etc., from members of the Household. Do not hesitate to send them because you cannot send illustrations.

THE HOUSEHOLD LETTER BOX.

Very Decided Objections to Frances Howard's Idea.

The reasons advanced by Frances Howard and others are not in accordance with my views of the subject as to school teachers being pensioned. The profession is generally followed for gaining a living; then why should the government pay the school teacher for doing that which every honorable man and woman is trying to do. The mothers are doing a far nobler work than the school teachers, and if the school teacher is desirous of a pension, the mother who rears her children as moral men and women merits the same.

The soldiers left their pleasant friends and braved even death that the nation might be preserved. It is true that some never engaged in active battle, yet they were in readiness if that should be necessary, and their pay was very small, compared to what they could earn at home. What does the school teacher who instills good principles into the minds of her pupils do more than she should? For she commands good wages. If pensions are granted to the teachers, then where will Uncle Sam draw the line? For others are just as worthy of a pension as the teacher. I consider that my pastor is just as deserving of a pension as my teachers. Yet to my mother should be given the highest award.—Jessie Valentine.

All Are Welcome to Speak.

I wonder if I will be cordially received if I come with a protest against pensioning school teachers. I am aware that I will not be on the popular side, nevertheless I intend to express my views, if you will allow me.

I think the majority of the ones in favor of pensioning them are teachers themselves. Do not judge by that assertion that I am not one, for, as the saying goes, "You can't most always tell." "Charity Mayme" speaks of the faithful woman who has served in the capacity of teacher a quarter of a century, having the care of an invalid father, and in the end a broken constitution." Did she not think that was applicable to many others? Can we not recall some worthy seamstress or washerwoman that has labored under the same difficulty—that of caring for some loved one. Isn't there as much danger of failing health in their case as in that of a teacher? Not mentally, perhaps, but physically. Do they not deserve a pension as well? A teacher who has had the good health to follow her chosen vocation a quarter of a century, more or less, certainly has not had to pay a very great sum for doctor bills. They command good wages, and stand as fair a chance as any other laboring person to lay by enough for a "rainy day," and I'm inclined to think they feel far from complimented in knowing that some deem it a duty to pension them. As I understand it, every taxpayer, whether mechanic, farmer of blacksmith would have to be taxed in order to raise this pension money. Is it right for those who have to engage in the very hardest manual labor to support their family and support their children? Is it right, I say, for them to use a part of their income to pension a retired teacher, who, very likely, has more saved than the average workingman?

Come to the front, all who have anything to say on this subject, and let us know how many, having a true sense of justice, right and equality, will say, pension the school teachers. —Fair Play.

Pensioning School Teachers.

I am interested in able articles in your columns by Frances Howard and Charity Mayne, regarding pensioning school teachers. Admitting many points well taken in their desire to tax the public with the support of superannuated school teachers, I can not conscientiously advocate the idea of giving a pension to one class of public servants more than another. While the work of teaching as a life profession is wearing and brain trying, and perhaps not as well paid as it deserves, it has many advantages over other industrial pursuits, more wearing, brain trying and dangerous to life, health and usefulness. The bookkeeper, for instance, to whom are entrusted the guardianship of heavy financial interests in banks and large industries, who has to answer for the work of others, deserves a pension when worn out, as much as any school teacher. The railroad employe, who, when he goes each morning to his daily toil, risks being mangled or killed under the wheels any moment, and that, too, without any negligence on his part, and he and his family are surely more entitled to a pension than the school teacher whose work is comparative safety for body and mind. Then there are the army of civil servants who would follow, and be equally entitled to public support, and the firemen, and so on, ad infinitum. And the people who would pay this money would largely be the oppressed small property holders, who now pay more taxes in proportion than the rich. The most deplorable sight in Germany, is its hordes of pensioned people, and its armies of distressed small property holders, taxed for the support of these aristocratic beggars. The true liberty and equality loving soul will ever be the opponent of an oppressive civil pension list, which creates an idle, arrogant class caste, for which a Democratic-Republican government has no use.—Rosa L. Segur.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Mostly Questions This Week, but Good Ones.

Does the editor wish us to write our experience at the World's Fair when we write for the prize offered, or just about the particular things mentioned in the notice a week or two ago?—Alice M. J.

Only write about the things you saw that are intended to be of use in making woman's work easier for her. We can not have the experiences, for lack of room, though they would undoubtedly be very interesting.—Ed.

Inquiries.

We have a ladies' society, and give entertainments to make money, and I would like to learn something new, having exhausted all our resources. Have had weight-basket, night cap and wristlet socials, etc. We have lately organized a young people's club, and would like some suggestions for their entertainment, also.—Beulah.

Will some one enlighten me a little regarding the business of books and stationery? What amount of capital would be required for the business in a town of 3,000 inhabitants, keeping a fresh stock, not buying in large amounts, thus leaving no remnants of goods to become shopworn, and to be disposed of at reduced rates. Also, keeping wall paper and window shades, and other goods in that line usually kept in such a store. What proportion of capital compared with dry goods, boots and shoes or groceries and provisions in town of size mentioned.—Aline.

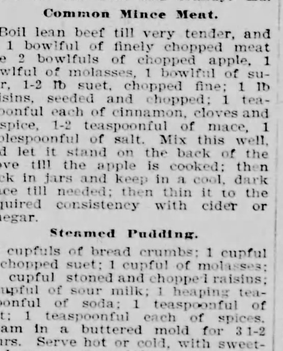
Will the Tam O'Shanter caps be worn this winter by young ladies? What color would be appropriate for a girl with black hair? Will some one send directions for crocheting a Tam O'Shanter with a full rim and part to set down on head?—Western Bird.

Will some one send directions for crocheted hood for child, from one to two years old, and will Mrs. Morris please give directions for landscape painting?—Oregon Rose.

Answers.

Laundress wishes to know how to use soap bark for washing. Buy five cents worth of soap bark chips (about a cupful) at the drug store. Pour over them three pints of hot water, and let them simmer an hour, then strain through cheese cloth. When cold sponge the goods with it, rinse in two or three clear waters, and hang it up to dry. When dry enough to iron, roll up for an hour, then iron on the wrong side. The goods will be clean, unfaded, and soft as when new.

A lady asks how to dye a dress of cotton and wool. I have dyed several such dresses, and find that fast dyes for cotton are the only ones that will give pretty and durable colors on mixed goods. The colors that I like best are navy blue, dark green, garnet and cardinal. All that is necessary to insure success is to follow the directions that are given with the dyes. If you wish a dark brown, dye it first with fast dark brown for cotton, then in order to get an even color, dye it again with dark brown for wool. It is not necessary to use the mordant with the second dye. If you wish your goods black, use fast stocking black, then the black dye for wool in the same way. The result will be a beautiful, unfading color that will well repay you for your trouble.—Mary.



THANKSGIVING PREPARATIONS.

It Is Time to Begin Thinking of Them.

October is a little early to do much for Thanksgiving, but there are some things that are all the better for keeping and that can be made several weeks before the hurry and confusion that always comes just about the Thanksgiving day itself.

Mince meat can be prepared and packed away in jars, and, like fruit cake, is much better for standing. Plum puddings can also be made and used when needed—anything that can be done to help to make the work easier toward the last of this month, had better be attended to, and then there will be less danger of accidents to both the dinner and the temper of the cook.

English Plum Pudding.

1 lb raisins, stoned and chopped fine; 1 lb each of currants and citron, 1 lb of beef suet, chopped very fine; 1 lb sugar; 3-4 lb of flour; 1 tablespoonful of salt; 1 teaspoonful of ground ginger; 2 eggs and the yolks of 6 more; 1 gill of brandy and 1 gill of wine. Mix the fruit, spices and flour well, then add the eggs, well beaten, the grated rind of 1 lemon and the wine. Mix all very thoroughly, and put in floured cloths or buttered molds. If cooked in one large pudding, it will require ten hours of constant boiling, but if made in two puddings, six hours will be enough, but the boiling must be constant, and the hot water must be replenished as fast as it boils away. The ingredients should be mixed the night before the pudding is cooked. This will keep in a cool, dry place for a year, and will have a finer flavor when a month old than when first boiled.—Mrs. Lou. Boyd.

While we know that very many of our readers object to the use of wine or brandy in any form, we give this in answer to a request for a genuine English plum-pudding. Water, with a little more sugar, could be substituted for the wine and brandy.—Ed.

Common Mince Meat.

Boil lean beef till very tender, and to 1 bowlful of finely chopped meat use 2 bowlfuls of chopped apple, 1 bowlful of molasses, 1 bowlful of sugar, 1-2 lb suet, chopped fine; 1 lb raisins, seeded and chopped; 1 teaspoonful each of cinnamon, cloves and allspice, 1-2 teaspoonful of mace, 1 tablespoonful of salt. Mix this well, and let it stand on the back of the stove till the apple is cooked; then pack in jars and keep in a cool, dark place till needed; then thin it to the required consistency with cider or vinegar.

Steamed Pudding.

2 cupfuls of bread crumbs; 1 cupful of chopped suet; 1 cupful of molasses; 3-4 cupful sugar; and chopped raisins; 1 cupful of sour milk; 1 heaping teaspoonful of soda; 1 teaspoonful of salt; 1 teaspoonful each of spices. Steam in a buttered mold for 3 1-2 hours. Serve hot or cold, with sweetened cream, or pudding sauce.

Layer Fruit Cake.

Yolks of 4 eggs, 1-2 cupful of butter, 2-3 cupful of milk, 1 cupful of molasses, 1-2 cupful sugar, 2 cupfuls of flour, 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder, spices to taste. Bake in layers and put together with frosting or jelly. Use whites of eggs for the frosting.

For the Blade.

NOVEMBER.

Autumn's red and gold is going.
And the winds are wilder blowing
Through the trees and over hills and plain;
Threatening clouds above impending,
And the chilly rains descending.
Usher in the melancholy month again.

Once again November dreary,
Clouded skies and days uncheery,
Come to tell us that the winter time is near.
Autumn's golden pomp is dying,
And the fallen leaves are lying
Thick upon the ground; the trees are almost bare.

Loud the wind's tumultuous roaring,
And the skies are dark and lowering;
Ne'er were days so lonely and so full of gloom;
And anon the rain comes dashing
On the window pane a-splashing;
Then a silence falls, but soon the winds resume.

'Tis now our lives seem cold and weary,
When the days are dark and dreary,
When November comes with howling wind and rain;
When the days are long and lonely,
And we wish that we could only
Have the balmy days of summer back again.

WILL P. VESTAL.

Elwood, Ind.

The editor hopes that every member of the Household will feel a personal interest in making it helpful for all during the coming winter. Send any questions regarding any subject and they shall be answered either by the editor or by some other member of the Household who like "Jean Hunt" and "Mary" believe that they can do no better work than to aid in making daily cares easier.

No Little Things.

How beautiful become all the "little" things of life when we see more of divinity in the human. Straightway we learn there are no "little" things. It is the human consciousness, untransformed by divinity, which belittles or magnifies until all right proportion is lost. The world waits—creation waits—for the anointing of our blind eyes by the Christ-spirit, when, from the whole visible creation, a veil will lift, and unguessed beauty and significance stand revealed. All material life will be seen to flow like a river; the only permanent thing, and that which gives stability to the rest, the indwelling spirit of which they are the visible speech.

The trees and plants and the lower animals are also our brothers. They mount with us. As man tears off the veil of materiality, the whole creation, which now travaileth, will shine forth in a new birth, and all march together, away from the bondage of earth unto the freedom and beauty of interior life.—Trinities and Sanctities.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES

CAPTAIN CHARLES KING, THE AUTHOR OF ARMY STORIES.

He Draws Upon His Own Experience for Materials—Graphic and Interesting.

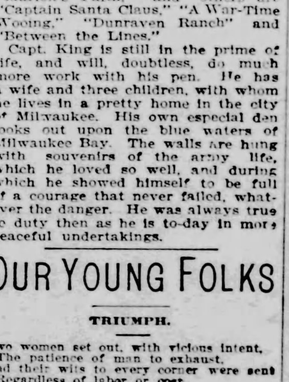
VIII.

Among all of the writers of army stories there are none who have attained the popularity of Capt. Chas. King. His language is simple, yet graphic; his plots, drawn from his personal experiences in the army, have always just enough of the element of mystery in them to make the fascinated reader follow the narrative to the close with unabated interest. The men and women of whom he writes are, for the most part hearty and wholesome, not perfect, but as good as those met in every-day life, while the villain falls into his bad ways through ordinary temptations, and not in any sensational manner.

Capt. King was born in Albany, N. Y., about a half century ago. His father was a descendant of Rufus King, the first minister of the United States, in Washington's administration, to England. On his mother's side, he traces his ancestry back to John Eliot, the well-remembered apostle among the Indians.

When Capt. King was yet a boy he served upon the staff of Gen. Rufus King, his father, during a part of the civil war. He then became a cadet at West Point, and later one of the instructors there. During the three years extending from 1871 to 1874, he was in New Orleans with the United States troops that were sent there to preserve law and order. It will be recalled that at that time a state of utter lawlessness reigned in that city.

During his stay in this place he wrote his first story, "Kitty's Conquest." In it he described many of the thrilling scenes in which he took part then. He sent it North to a pub-



lishing house, but it was returned with thanks, as the first work of many another popular author has been. Naturally, he was disappointed, and, discouraged, he threw the manuscript into a trunk, where it rested for years.

Becoming weary of staff duty, he asked to be sent to his regiment, the Fifth Cavalry, which was then in the Far West, fighting the Apache Indians, and it was on the plains and in the mountains that he gathered the materials which have entered into the stories that have, in recent years, charmed their many readers.

In one of the raids against the hostile savages, Capt. King and Sergt. Taylor took the lead of a small force of Indian scouts that were going up the mountain, following a band of Apaches. Suddenly the two leaders were met by a shower of arrows and bullets. King's right arm was shattered, and, faint with the loss of blood, he commanded the sergeant to save himself by flight and leave him to his fate. The brave fellow refused to do this, but picked up the wounded officer, and thus burdened, made his way down until he reached the protection of the rest of the scouts and troopers.

This wound has always troubled Capt. King, and finally caused him, while still a young man, to be placed upon the retired list. He went to Milwaukee and was appointed military instructor in the University of Wisconsin. For a number of years he served upon the staff of the governor of the state, and his military knowledge is held in high esteem. As assistant inspector general he has done much for the improvement of Wisconsin's National Guard.

During this time he has occupied his leisure hours with writing army stories. It is needless to say that they do not now have to beg for a publisher. They are vivid pictures of frontier life, and have such an air of reality that one feels as if in very truth present at the happenings related.

The first one published was "The Colonel's Daughter," which at once became popular. A sequel to this is "Marion's Faith," and others are "Captain Santa Claus," "A War-Time Wooing," "Dunraven Ranch" and "Between the Lines."

Capt. King is still in the prime of life, and will, doubtless, do much more work with his pen. He has a wife and three children, with whom he lives in a pretty home in the city of Milwaukee. His own especial den looks out upon the blue waters of Milwaukee Bay. The walls are hung with souvenirs of the army life, which he loved so well, and during which he showed himself to be full of a courage that never failed, whatever the danger. He was always true to duty then as he is to-day in more peaceful undertakings.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS

TRIUMPH.

Two women set out, with vicious intent,
The patience of man to exhaust,
And their wits to every corner were sent
Regardless of labor or cost.

They visited shops, but saw nothing to buy,
And only samples took home;
Then street car conductors with questions did ply,
But simply got "yes'm" and "no'm."

So none of these schemes seemed to work as they should.
For clerks and conductors were seared;
And every device, from the bad to the good,
Had failed up to date, it appeared.

But at last an idea was evolved from the mind
Of those feminine seekers for fame;
Deciding them soon an occasion to find
For giving a test to the same.

Its success was complete, a "star" was to play;
The box office till was a mine—
They squabbled ten minutes o'er seats and a day
And scurred fifty men in the line.
—J. H. Aiden, in Boston Transcript.

THE SOLID LATCH.

How Nellie Saved Her Horse.

A lane, winding up a hill under the sunshine, then into the dusky woods.

Coming up the lane is a young girl. She is dressed simply, but the simplicity of her costume only serves to show her beauty to more advantage.

She walks slowly; now stooping to pluck some flower that grows among the grasses at the side of the lane, or perhaps on the roadway, for this lane gets little travel, and the grass has grown long, even in the wagon tracks.

She hums softly to herself as she walks, and the low sweet sound of her voice, mingles with the refrain of the birds' songs that linger upon the air.

A tiny rabbit, sitting under a tuft of long grass in an adjacent field, shows not the slightest sign of fear as she passes him.

When she reaches the top of the hill, she looks about her as if expecting someone. A shade of disappointment comes to her face as she looks over the stretch of roadway.

It has been a long walk and now to be disappointed! She quickens her pace and almost reaches the wood before she pauses again, then whistles shrilly in that peculiar manner only girls can whistle.

A whistle answers her from the darkened roadway, and in a moment more she sees some one is approaching. A girl about her own age, nearly as pretty as herself, and yet different in style, figure and dress.

It is, perhaps, their very dissimilarity that brings these two together, in the lone country village in which they live, the affection inherent in their dispositions has been lavished on each other.

Chatting gaily, they turn down the lane which winds round the hill in a half circle.

The walk was cool and shady, the trees forming a perfect arch above their heads. The lane soon emerged from the woods, however, and they were once more in the sunshine.

Near the edge of the woods, one half over the lane, stood a pear tree.

On the ground lay several pears, their yellow skins shining luxuriously in the sun. The girls stopped and gathered some of the pears. Hardly had they advanced a step when a rough voice halts them.

"Drop those pears." In a moment more a young man stands before them. They know him at once, the general scapegrace of the village. He knows very well the pears were in the roadway, public property as it were, but he sees a chance of humiliating these girls, who had so often snubbed him.

"You are nice ones takin' uncle's pears off his farm in broad day-light; perhaps you think you own the farm. Don't you have pears on your place, or are you too poor to buy them?" He laughs a mocking laugh.

Without a word the two girls drop the pears, and walk calmly and haughtily by. They know they are in the right, but they will not argue the case with him. It is a disappointment to him the way they listen to what he has said. Except for leaving of the paltry pears, one would wonder if either of them had seen him at all. Though he could not explain it, he felt humiliated, instead of causing them humiliation. A dusky flush mounted to his face, and he muttered to himself, as they passed out of sight, "I will get even yet."

With the girls, he was the topic of conversation for the next fifteen minutes, and his record, which was anything but a fine one, was discussed.

They came at last to a path which led away from the lane. A disused path, but one which would shorten their walk considerably. Down this they both turned. Tall bushes grew along its margin, and the trees bent quite low over it. They had not gone far when they came to a gate. It was a tall gate, and so was the fence, of which it formed a part.

Nellie had purposely fallen a little to the rear, so as to let her friend try to open the gate. She knew there was a latch on it, and such peculiar make as to render opening it, to a person not acquainted with it, almost an impossibility.

The latch, instead of lifting like other latches, remained firm. It was the socket in which it fitted that moved downward, thus releasing the latch. There were only a few of these latches ever made.

Her friend, after trying for some time to open it, at last gave up in despair, and Nellie opened the gate. She stood on the other side explaining how it acted, and so when they both turned to go, through an oversight, the gate was left unlatched.

There was considerable excitement that night, for a story had been brought from the village, that a horse had been stolen the night before.

Nellie, while the discussion was in progress, had silently gone out to the barn where her beloved "Dot" was stabled. The thought that her horse might have been stolen instead, made her sick at heart.

The horse whinnied at her approach, and rubbed its nose against her, as she gave it the lumps of sugar she had brought from the supper table.

The barn was situated on a hill. The doorway, which was wide open, commanded a beautiful view. In the middle of the barn was a great heap of hay. On this hay Nellie seated herself, after she had ceased petting the horse.

Before her stretched the view of river, field and sky. The sky filled with the pink glow of a sunset, while the river flowed dark in hue beneath it. In places as still as a mirrow, in others with an increasing current.

The soft yellow of the ripened grain fields, and the dark green of the foliage near at hand, contrasted with the bluish haze of the distant mountains.

Gradually the pink faded, the misty haze of the mountains began to envelop the outlying fields. The dusky hue or twilight began to fall.

A few birds were singing their evening hymns, and the nocturnal voices of the night began slowly to rise, and with it all, gently caressing her as it passed, the breeze from the river came through the open doorway and was gone.

Gradually her head dropped lower and lower, until it rested upon the hay and she slept.

Suddenly she awoke with a start. All was darkness. It took her a moment or two to regain her thoughts, then she half turned to rise. Her eyes fell upon the doorway opposite her.

Dark as it was, the sky made a lighter background than the interior of the barn. As she looked, a figure passed this lighter space.

Her heart beat in great throbs. Who was it that was prowling round the barn at this time? Every faculty was on the alert. She listened intently. She heard footsteps cross the floor in the direction of her horse. Then the truth flashed upon her. Her horse was to be the next victim. Her first thought was to cry out, but she stifled it, for the barn was quite a distance from the house, her cries would not reach there, and would bring upon her personal danger.

Would she have time to run to the house for assistance?

No! Already she heard the click of the halter against the woodwork of the stall, as the thief untied him.

Then all at once she thought of the lane with the tall fence and the old gate; up this lane he would have to lead the horse. Perhaps he had not noticed the solid latch.

Noiselessly, moving little by little, and keeping close to the side of the barn, she edged nearer and nearer the door, until at last she was out in the fresh air of the night. Like a deer she runs up the lane. Yes! The gate is open. She goes through and closes it, pushing the latch in place.

Making a wide detour, she climbs the orchard fence, and is speeding toward the house. Will the gate detain him till she can get assistance? The long grass hinders her progress, and once she runs into a tree in the darkness, but still she hurries on. At last the house is reached. She knocks long and loud against the glass of one of lower the windows.

A few moments more and her brother and father stands upon the porch. It takes only a few words to explain the situation, and all three are returning by the path she had just come.

When they reach the gate they hear some one fumbling with the latch on the other side. At last, as if hopeless of getting out that way, they hear him pushing against it with main strength, to break it from its fastenings.

The gate though fairly strong, at last gives way and falls forward. As it does so, the light of a lantern is flashed, full on the opening.

Before them, one hand holding the halter of her horse, and the other raised to protect his eyes from the blinding light, Nellie sees the man she had met on the roadway that very afternoon.

For a moment he is dazed; the next, dropping the halter, he springs towards them, turns suddenly to the left, and vanishes into the darkness out of their sight forever.

Nellie had saved her horse.—Y. L. in Youth's Journal.

As you value good looks be careful what soap you use on the hair and scalp. To preserve the lustre, beauty and softness of your hair, never wash it with ordinary soap, as that is too severe. *Use Ivory Soap always.* Be especially careful about this. You will never be troubled with scurf and dandruff and the hair will become soft as silk with the use of Ivory Soap.

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OUR WONDER COLUMN.

1.—AN AUTHOR AND HIS WORKS.

(Note—The author's name is given in anagrams, and his books are indicated by definitions.)

Author's Name—Denis R. Chackels.

1. Portuguese title; a Turkish ruler; a conjunction; and a relative.
2. Close; and repetitions.
3. A holiday; and works.
4. A story; a preposition; a numbers; and towns.
5. A king mentioned in the Bible; a mineral; and a space.
6. Chief; and prospects.
7. A man's name; and a contortion.
8. A sharp-pointed tool; part of a candle; and a lawyer's belongings.

"SID."

2.—NUMERICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 13 letters.
My 2—6—5 is a fowl.
My 4—12—11 are human beings.
My 9—13—12 is the center.
My 8—10—7 is to call.
My 8—5 is an article.
My whole is a pleasant place in the winter time.

"KING PHILIP."

3.—CHARADE.

I have seen my first o'er the prairies sweep,
And rush through the woodlands green;
I have seen it crawl o'er the mountains steep
And fly through the vales between.
My last—ah how my hopes engage,
That he shall yet become
The prop of my advancing age,

News of the Week.

The Blade is a newspaper for free American citizens, and under the above head aims to give, first, those events which are the history and progress of the world for the week—those which every intelligent man needs to know and should know; second, all important political events; and lastly, the leading minor occurrences that possess interest to every educated and thinking reader.

WASHINGTON.

THE VOORHEES BILL PASSES THE HOUSE.

The Bill Receives the Signature of President Cleveland and is Now a Law.

The great financial fight of the extraordinary session of the Fifty-third Congress is over. At 2:50 the House by a vote of 191 to years to 94 nays, concurred in the Senate amendments, and the repeal bill now goes to the President for his approval.

Washington, Nov. 1.—When the House convened at noon, the silver bill was laid before it.

Mr. Bland having declined the offer of Mr. Wilson to allow one, two or three hours' debate after the previous motion, and having refused to enter into any agreement whatever that did not leave the repeal bill open for general debate and amendment, Mr. Wilson demanded the previous question.

Mr. Bryan, of Nebraska, on behalf of the silver men, at once moved to adjourn, and demanded a division. The motion was defeated—yeas, 26; nays, 108. The silver men then moved a recess until 3 p. m., but this was also defeated on a division.

At 12:30 the silver men made an ineffectual attempt to secure a roll-call, but on division, 29 demanded the yeas and nays, and 185 were against the motion, and it was lost. Thus the silver men had not even been able to muster sufficient strength to secure a roll-call. After this, they again resorted to alternate dilatory motions for adjournment and recess.

Motion for Previous Question.

Shortly after 1 o'clock Speaker Crisp took advantage of a momentary lull and put the motion for the previous question, which was declared carried. Bryan, of Nebraska, was demanding the attention of the Speaker, but was not seen. It was all done so quickly that the silver men did not seem to know what had happened. The result was greeted with loud applause. Snodgrass, of Tennessee, who had been assisting the filibusterers, made a motion to adjourn, but the Speaker said he had recognized Mr. Wilson, and he could not be taken off the floor. Wilson asked Bland to consume the fifteen minutes to which the silver side was entitled, and Bland began his address. But not before Snodgrass asserted that these motions would be continued upon other stages of the proceedings before a vote could be reached on the main proposition.

Bland's Sensation.

During his remarks Mr. Bland created a sensation by declaring that the extra session and this whole legislation had been thrust upon the people as a stock jobbing speculation.

Mr. Bland was followed by Bryan, of Nebraska. When Bryan's time expired, Pence, of Colorado, asked unanimous consent that Bryan have ten minutes more.

Objection was made to Mr. Bryan's continuing. "Who objects?" demanded Mr. Pence.

"I object," defiantly replied Mr. Outhwaite, of Ohio.

Mr. Bland yielded to Mr. Wheeler, of Alabama. When he concluded the silver men had exhausted their time, and Mr. Wilson yielded five minutes to Mr. Springer, of Illinois.

Tom Reed's Remark.

At 1:40 Mr. Wilson yielded to Mr. Livingston, of Georgia, who spoke briefly. Then Mr. Wilson yielded fifteen minutes to Mr. Reed, of Maine, who said the country was generally better off when the Democratic party was disappointed. This was a serious experiment, which must be tried. Congress had at last done its duty, but delay had robbed the measure of its chief good. In conclusion, he predicted calamity and misfortune, despite the passage of the bill, and referred to impending changes in the tariff as the cause.

A Vote Demanded.

At 1:48 p. m., Mr. Tracy, of New York, talked for two minutes. Mr. Wilson closed the debate at 1:55 and demanded a vote. Mr. Bland now moved to commit to the committee on Coinage, Weights and Measures, with instructions to report, the law of 1837 which would provide for free coinage at 16 to 1. Upon this the yeas and nays were ordered, and Mr. Bland's motion was defeated by a vote of 109 yeas to 175 nays.

Silver Men Give Up.

After the Bland motion, Bryan, of Nebraska, at 2:24 announced that the repeal men would not filibuster any more, as there were too few silver men ready and willing to join in such proceedings. He left to the future the task of determining who were right and who were wrong on this great public question. He called upon the American people to send to the next Congress representatives enough to solve the financial question, independently of the influence or interference of foreign governments.

At 2:29 the roll-call began on the concurrence of the Senate amendments and final passage of the bill.

The Vote in Detail.

The detailed vote the final passage of the repeal bill by the House is as follows:

Ayes—Adams, Alderson, Aldrich, Apsley, Avery, Babcock, Baker of New Hampshire, Baldwin, Barnes, Bartlett, Barwig, Belden, Belzhoover, Berry, Bingham, Black of Georgia, Black of Illinois, Blair, Brawley, Breckenridge of Arkansas, Bretz, Brickner, Brookshire, Brosius, Brown, Buan, Bynum, Cabaniss, Cadmus, Caldwell, Campbell, Cannon of California, Caruth, Catchings, Causey, Chickering, Clancy, Clark of Missouri, Cobb of Missouri, Cockran, Coggswell, Compton, Coombs, Cooper of Florida, Cooper of Indiana, Cooper of Wisconsin, Cornish, Covert, Crain, Cummings, Curtis of New York, Daniels, Davey of Louisiana, Deforest, Dingley, Donovan, Draper, Dunn, Dunphy, Durborow, Edmunds, English, Erdman, Everett, Fellows, Fielder, Fuch, Fletcher, Forman, Gardner, Geary, Geissenhainer, Gillett of New York, Goldzier, Gorman, H. Gresham, Grout, Haines, Hall of Missouri, Hammond, Harmer, Harter, Haugen, Henderson of Iowa, Hendrix, Hines, Hitt, Holman, Hopkins of Illinois, Houk of Ohio, Houk of Tennessee, Johnson of Indiana, Johnson of North Dakota, Johnson of Ohio, M. Kiefer, Kribbs, Lapham, Layton, Lefevre, Lester, Lilly, Linton, Lisle, Lockwood, Loudenslager, Lynch, Magner, Mahon, Marshall, Martin of Indiana, Marvin of New York, McAleer, McCall, McCleary of Minnesota, McCreary of Kentucky, McDannold, McDowell, McEttreck, McGann, McKaig, McNagny, Mercer, Meredith, Meyer, Montgomery, Moon, Morse, Mutchler, Oates, O'Neil of Massachusetts, Outhwaite, Paschall, Patterson, Payne, Paynter, Pearson, Pendleton of West Virginia, Phillips, Pigott, Post, Powers, Price, Randall, Ray, Rayner, Reed, Reilly, Reyburn, Richards of Ohio, Richardson of Michigan, Ritchie, Rusk, Russell of Connecticut, Ryan, Schermerhorn, Scranton, Settle, Shaw, Sherman, Sickles, Sipe, Sperry, Springer, Steven, C. A. Stone, W. A. Stone, Stout of Kentucky, Storr, Strong, Swanson, Talbott of Maryland, Taylor of Indiana, Thomas, Tracey, Tucker, Turpin, Tyler, VanVoorhis, Wanger, Warner, Washington, Wauch, Weadock, Wells, White of Illinois, White, Whiting, Watson of West Virginia, Wolverton, Woomer, Wright of Pennsylvania. Total, 191.

Nays—Aitken, Alexander, Allen, Arnold, Bailey, Baker of Kansas, Bankhead, Bell of Colorado, Bell of Texas, Blanchard, Bland, Boatner, Boen, Bower of North Carolina, Branch, Broderick, Bryan, Burnes, Cannon of Illinois, Carmhart, Black of Missouri, Cobb of Alabama, Dockrell, Cooper of Texas, Crawford, Curtis of Kansas, Davis of Kansas, Dearmond, Denson, Dinsmore, Dockery, Doolittle, Ellis of Oregon, Epes, Fithian, Funston, Fyan, Grady, Haber of Nebraska, Hall of Missouri, Harris, Hartman, Heard, Henderson of North Carolina, Hermann, Hilborn, Hopkins of Pennsylvania, Hudson, Hunter, Hutcheson, Hirt, Jones, Kem, Kilgore, Lane, Latimer, Livingston, Lucas, Maddox, Maguire, Mallory, Marsh, McCulloch, McDearmon, McKeighan, McLaurin, McRae, Meiklejohn, Money, Morgan, Moses, Pence, Richardson of Tennessee, Robbins, Robertson of Louisiana, Sayres, Shell, Sibley, Smith, Snodgrass, Stallinger, Stockdale, Strait, Sweet, Talbert of South Carolina, Tarsney, Tate, Terry, Wheeler of Alabama, Williams of Illinois, Williams of Mississippi, Wilson, Washington. Total—94.

Following pairs: Abbott with Walker; Brattan with Hager; Bankhead with Gear; Lawson with Taylor of Tennessee; Luter with Northway; Breckenridge with O'Neil of Pennsylvania; Coffeen with Lacey; Pahe with Pickler; Conn with Childs; Goodnight with Stephenson; Lawson with Lawner; O'Ferrall with Hepburn; Russell of Georgia with Bartholdt; Enloe with Boutelle; Simpson with Gillette of Massachusetts; Wise with Strong; Ellis with Dalzell; Bratian with Dolliver; Graham with Van Voorhis of Ohio; Hatch with Cousins; Hare with Loud; Hooker of Mississippi with Grosvenor; Hayes with Bowers of Colorado; McMillin with Burrows; Woodward with Henderson of Illinois.

Explanation of the Vote.

The analysis of the vote shows that 124 Democrats, 68 Republicans and one Populist (Cannon, of Cal.) voted for concurrence, and 70 Democrats, 15 Republicans and 9 Populists against the motion. The following members voted for the Bland free coinage substitute and also for concurrence: Alderson, Black (Ga.), Brookshire, Donovan, Edmunds (Va.), Geary, Holman, Richardson (Mich.), Swanson, Marshall, Turpin, Post and Tyler; while Neal, Weaver and Kyle, who voted for the free coinage substitute, did not vote on the final vote.

The President signed the bill the same evening.

The Bankruptcy Bill.

Congress will have plenty of business to begin work upon when it assembles in December. The committees have not been idle during the extra session, and have placed upon the calendars of both Senate and House a number of bills which will be called up at an early day. In the House there will be the pending business, the bankruptcy bill. General Oates has lost all hope of getting a vote on this measure at this session. During the time that yet remains for its consideration before the adjournment at this session he will endeavor to have an agreement reached by which the bill will be considered under the five minute rule. This means that it will be read by paragraphs and be open to amendment.

GROVER'S WILD TEAM IS NOW STABLED,

AND WILL REST UNTIL NEXT MONTH.

The Extraordinary Session One In Deed as Well as in Name—Closing Scenes Friday.

Washington, Nov. 3.—The appearance of the Senate presented no unusual features this morning. The attendance was small, both of senators and spectators.

Soon after the Senate met Mr. Cockrell, from the committee on appropriations, reported favorably the House concurrent resolution providing for the adjournment of Congress at 3 o'clock to-day, and asked for its present consideration.

Mr. Coke (Dem., Tex.) spoke in opposition to the resolution. Congress should not adjourn, he said, but should continue in session and should proceed in the transaction of public business.

Mr. Dolph (Rep., Ore.) opposed an adjournment at this time. Mr. Harris (Dem., Tenn.) for the reasons expressed by Mr. Coke, was opposed to adjourning. Mr. Cockrell said he heartily concurred in what his distinguished colleagues had said, but it was not worth while to talk when it was known that quorums could not be kept in the Senate and House for transaction of business the remainder of this month.

Mr. Call (Dem., Fla.) and Mr. Berry (Dem., Ark.) thought it was the duty of Congress to remain in session. Mr. Gray (Dem., Del.) said it was an idle attempt of zeal to continue the session until December. Mr. Mills (Dm., Tex.) said it was his misfortune to disagree with nearly everybody. He thought the business of the next session would be expedited by adjourning now.

Allen Speaks for Populists.

Mr. Allen (Pop., Neb.) expressed his preference to remaining here now rather than to prolong the next session. The Populists, he said, were prepared for work. They were in Congress to assist in the passage of a proper tariff bill and to aid in the enactment of legislation designed for the benefit of the people. Mr. Cullom (Rep., Ill.) said that as a member of the committee on appropriations he had consented to the reporting of the adjournment resolution, because he supposed it was a foregone conclusion that the majority in the Senate desired to adjourn. While he should vote for the resolution he wished to say that if Congress should now before adjourning announce to the country that it did not intend either to repeal the election law or the tariff law, it would be doing a very good piece of work. Mr. Blackburn (Dem., Ky.) favored the resolution and Mr. Peffer (Pop., Kan.) opposed it. The concurrent resolution was then passed.

House bill in aid of the World's Fair prize winners exhibition, to be held in New York city, was then passed.

Mr. McPherson (Dem, New Jersey) offered the usual resolution (which was agreed to) for a committee of two Senators to join a similar committee of the House to wait upon the President and inform him that Congress was ready to adjourn, and to inquire if he had any further communication to make to it. Mr. Ransom (Dem., North Carolina) and Mr. Cullom (Rep., Illinois) were appointed as the committee, and then at 1 o'clock, upon the motion of Mr. Butler, the Senate proceeded to the consideration of executive business.

Both Adjourned.

Washington, Nov. 3.—At 2:35 p. m. Judge Holman, Governor Dingley and Judge Turner, the committee appointed to wait upon the President, marched down the aisle and announced that the President had nothing further to communicate, and at 3 o'clock the House adjourned.

As usual, Mr. Bassett turned the Senate clock back, and at 3:06 that body also adjourned.

THANKSGIVING PROCLAMATION.

Congress Has Adjourned and Grover is Thankful.

Washington, Nov. 4.—The President yesterday issued the following Thanksgiving proclamation:

"By the President of the United States of America.

"A PROCLAMATION.

"While the American people should every day remember with praise and thanksgiving the divine goodness and mercy which have followed them since their beginning as a nation, it is fitting that one day in each year should be especially devoted to the contemplation of the blessings we have received from the hand of God, and to the grateful acknowledgement of His loving kindness.

"Therefore, I, Grover Cleveland, President of the United States, do hereby designate and set apart Thursday, the 30th day of the present month of November as a day of thanksgiving and praise, to be kept and observed by all the people of our land. On that day let us forego our ordinary work end employments, and assemble in our usual places of worship, where we may recall all that God has done for us, and where, from grateful hearts our united tribute of praise and song may reach the throne of grace. Let the reunion of kindred and the social meeting of friends lend cheer and enjoyment to the duty, and let generous gifts of charity for the relief of the poor and needy prove the sincerity of our thanksgiving.

"GROVER CLEVELAND.

"By the President: Walter Q. Gresham, Secretary of State."

NOMINATIONS NOT CONFIRMED.

Over a Hundred Waiting the Senate's Pleasure.

Washington, Nov. 4.—The Senate spent the greater part of its last day of the extraordinary session behind closed doors, considering Presidential nominations. There were about twenty confirmations, and when the Senate adjourned there were still over a hundred nominations which remained unconfirmed.

Among these were the nominations of Mr. Hornblower, to be justice of the Supreme court; Mr. Preston, to be director of the mint; O. J. H. Taylor, of Kansas, to be minister to Bolivia; Isaac Wootten, of Delaware, to be agent at the Nevada Indian agency, in Nevada, and Kope Elias, to be collector of the western district of North Carolina. There has been more or less objection to each of these, which accounts for the delay in taking them up, and the ultimate failure to confirm.

HORNBLOWER NOT CONFIRMED.

Hill Succeeds in Humiliating Cleveland.

Washington, Nov. 3.—The Senate adjourned to-day without confirming the nomination of Mr. Hornblower as justice of the Supreme Court. This failure to confirm has the effect of a rejection. The President will, therefore, be compelled to either send in his name again or to nominate another man for the office.

SOON BE COMPLETED.
THE NEW TARIFF BILL WILL

Republican Committee Members Will Have but a Short Time to Prepare a Report.

Washington, Nov. 3.—Many stories have been in circulation about the tariff and what the ways and means committee was doing, and what it could do if Congress should adjourn and let it alone. After the silver bill had passed the House, Mr. Wilson, chairman of the committee on ways and means, expressed the opinion that an adjournment would be preferable

CONGRESSMAN M'MILLAN.
(Of Ways and Means.)

because the committee would be unable to report the bill by the 20th of November. It seems that this is liable to be construed that the majority members of the committee would not be ready to report at that time or to allow the Republican minority to see the bill and prepare a report.

Subsequent events and especially the desire of Mr. Wilson that the committee be authorized to sit and file their report on the tariff bill with the clerk of the House during the interim of Congress indicates that the bill is much nearer completion than would be anticipated by the declaration that the bill would not be ready to report before the 1st of December.

Plan of the Majority.

It is a part of the plan of the majority that as soon as the tariff bill is completed by them to submit it to the Republicans who will be given about two days in which to prepare a minority report. That would have made it possible for the majority to complete the bill in about twenty

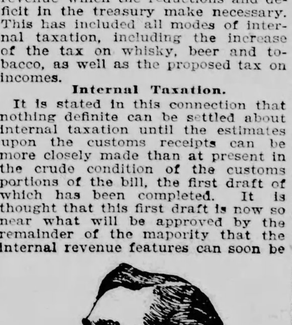
W. J. BRYAN.
(Populist Member.)

days, submit it to the minority, and report it about the 1st of December, or just before the re-assembling of Congress.

Members of the majority say that many of the newspaper reports that have been sent out about the bill have been erroneous. It is true that there have been many reductions, and that members of the committee have discussed means of securing additional revenue which the reductions and deficit in the treasury make necessary. This has included all modes of internal taxation, including the increase of the tax on whisky, beer and tobacco, as well as the proposed tax on incomes.

Internal Taxation.

It is stated in this connection that nothing definite can be settled about internal taxation until the estimates upon the customs receipts can be more closely made than at present in the crude condition of the customs portions of the bill, the first draft of which has been completed. It is thought that this first draft is now so near what will be approved by the remainder of the majority that the internal revenue features can soon be



JOHN DALZELL.
(Republican Member.)

incorporated, and the probabilities are that there is a pretty fair understanding among the members as to what they will do with the internal taxes, and that it will not take very long to have the bill ready to present to the Republicans during the vacation. It was for this privilege that Mr. Wilson was contending in insisting upon his resolution authorizing the committee to sit during the recess and giving it leave to file its report with the clerk.

THE NEW CHINESE BILL.

It Was Signed by the President On Thursday.

Washington, Nov. 3.—Yesterday afternoon President Cleveland signed the Chinese bill, which was passed by the Senate Thursday. It extends for six months the time under which Chinese can register under the Geary law and for the deportation after this time of any Chinese laborer found in the United States without a certificate of registration. It provides that the word laborer shall be construed to mean skilled and unskilled laborers, while a Chinese merchant shall be a Chinaman devoted exclusively to merchantile pursuits, and not engaged as a laborer at all. It changes the provisions of the Geary law concerning witnesses in that instead of requiring a white witness it requires that the witness shall be other than a Chinaman. Pending the order of deportation the Chinaman to be deported cannot be bailed. Certificates of registration are to contain the photograph of the applicant.

To Coin the Seigniorage.

Washington, Nov. 4.—In accordance with preparatory instructions recently issued by the secretary of the Treasury, Mr. Carlisle yesterday instructed the mints at Philadelphia and New Orleans to coin the seigniorage into standard silver dollars.

SILVER IN THE REGULAR SESSION

Populists Preparing to Break the Solid South.

Washington, Nov. 6.—The adjournment of the extraordinary session of Congress and the developments immediately following it have only served to accentuate the conclusion that the financial question, instead of being solved, is merely in the incipiency of its discussion. The silver senators who stood out for so many weeks against unconditional repeal in the Senate appear to be congratulating themselves over the fruition of their labors.

They state that their long opposition to following the mandates of the administration and the majority has served the purpose of calling the attention of the American public to the real questions at issue, and that to this public they will now appeal for a vindication of the actions of the silver senators and representatives in Congress. They contend that the success of the financial doctrines for which they labor can only be achieved by a general awakening of the masses to the gravity of the situation.

Plan of the Silver Men.

Public interest in the question and the desire of the mediocre intellect to devote itself to the study of the financial problem has, they say, been intensified by the long struggle which took place in the two houses of Congress. When the House and Senate re-convene on December 4, in regular session it is the plan of the silver men to keep the financial question well to the front at every stage of the session, and it will be found playing a part in the discussion of every great issue between the parties from the tariff question to the repeal of the federal election laws. Now, that the silver purchase law is repealed the President is to be called upon to show his fealty to the spirit of the last Democratic platform by favoring financial legislation looking to the restoration of silver to its old-time realm. Every stage of the tariff discussion will be punctuated by pertinent queries from the silver men tending to prove that the demonetization of silver, and not the McKinley tariff, is responsible for the commercial depression of the time.

To offset the tremendous accession to the third party's ranks in the South the senators and representatives from those states are wildly anxious to repeal the 10 per cent tax on state bank currency, but here they are met with the opposition of Chairman Springer, of the committee on banking and currency and other leading Democrats of the fair to share the Southern view upon this phase of the financial question. Altogether the absorbing question of finance appears likely to play almost as important part in the next session as it has in the past and those who consider the tariff the paramount issue have already realized that much of the embarrassment to be overcome by the ways and means committee in forcing its bill through the House will arise from the complications and dissensions that have grown out of the silver question and the repeal of the Sherman act.

CUT DOWN IMMIGRATION.

Exclusion Seems to be Growing in Favor—Feeling of Congressmen.

Washington, Nov. 1.—A number of propositions have already been brought forward, looking to legislation that will severely regulate immigration. The increase of the head tax from 50 cents to $1 is one. This tax is paid by the steamships out of the passage money. Another idea is to require immigrants to be able to read and write in their own language, which, it is argued, would lead to the better education of the foreigners at home, whereby the masses from which immigrants come would be improved, and necessarily those we get would be less open to certain objections now urged against them.

Inquiry of Representatives in Congress brings out the fact that a strong and growing home influence throughout the country for more thorough immigration laws than ever, is operating. Public opinion is systematically exerted on Congress by organizations that have risen up as if by magic or in the night. Some of these organizations operate with the motto "Americans for America," though their creeds admit to membership naturalized foreigners, and those frequently are among the most active as promoters and managers. These organizations, though numerous, have in main the same general object, that is to say, direct influence on Congress.

As a practical measure to insure none but "desirable immigrants," it is a favorable idea with many to hold the owners of vessels responsible in heavy penalties for landing or attempting to land paupers, diseased persons, criminals or classes "undesirable persons" aimed at the laws. It is asked, why should there be a distinction between contraband goods and contraband immigrants? At present, it is urged, shippers of immigrants have very little interest in what kind they bring, so long as they get the passage money. Make the laws as searching as the laws against smuggling or illicit goods and look to the vessel for any violation or attempt to violate them, and the cause of the evils now complained of would soon diminish, and, as in smuggling, would soon correspondingly disappear. That is the argument.

One thing is pretty certain. Hereafter the immigrant laws are going to be more searching and effective than heretofore.

PROTECTING THE PRESIDENT.

Cranks Will Find It Very Difficult to Get at Mr. Cleveland.

Washington, Nov. 2.—Although President Cleveland has no personal fear, the shooting of Mayor Harrison and the subsequent flood of crankism that has manifested itself all over the country, has stirred up those who are directly responsible for the safety of the President. The force of watchmen at the White House has therefore been increased, and now when the President goes out he is attended at a short distance by a detective in citizen's clothing. Every stranger who visits the White House is closely scrutinized, and no one is admitted to the President until his business and character are known. With the precautions taken, it is well nigh impossible that any harm should befall the Chief Magistrate in the executive mansion.

Increase in the Public Debt.

Washington, Nov. 2.—The public debt statement issued yesterday shows that the net increase in the public debt during October was $5,141,058. Cash in the treasury, $729,447,014.

Capital Notes.

All business before the Banking and Currency committee of the House has been postponed to Dec. 8.

Mr. Cooper, of Indiana, has introduced a bill authorizing states to tax national bank notes and greenbacks, and all other notes circulating as money.

At present two bills admitting territories have been reported; New Mexico and Arizona are the favored ones. Delegate Smith of Arizona, has been ill and he has not yet had his bill reported, but expects that it will be in time for passage this session.

There is a prospect that in the near future a printing press will form a part of the clerical equipment of the Capitol. It will in all probability be made necessary by the action of the Senate yesterday in agreeing to the House resolution providing for the printing instead of the writing of enrolled and engrossed bills.

BRAZIL'S NEW WARSHIPS.

Work of Fitting Out the New Navy Going On.

New York, Nov. 6.—The work of fitting out a new navy for Brazil goes on as fast as men can do the work. The Destroyer is in the dry dock today being scraped and made ready for sea service. Preparations for El Cid are nearing completion, and this afternoon work will be begun on the Britannia. The other ships will follow and it is said that by Nov. 12th the fleet will be ready for the sea.

It is said that negotiations are pending for the ward line steamship City of Washington, but no one at the office of the line would either affirm or deny the story this morning.

The only real difficulty is a possible complication which may arise from the action on the part of Mr. Lassoe, of the Ericsson Coast Defense company, who threatens to get out an injunction to prevent the closing of the sale of the Destroyer. On the other hand Mr. Flint said to-day that he anticipated no serious trouble in regard to the Destroyer or her gun, and he confidently expects she will put to sea with El Cid.

The Duke of Edinburgh is visiting his mother, Queen Victoria, for the first time since his accession to the Duchy of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha.

GREATEST INSTITUTION OF ITS KIND IN THE WORLD.

The Fine Arts Palace Will be Turned Into a Marvelous Museum of Art and Science and History.

Chicago, Nov. 2.—Out of the passing glory of the exposition Chicago will receive a grand museum, and everything indicates that it will be located in the grandest building in Jackson park—the Palace of Fine Arts. What was a few weeks ago only a well developed idea is now an assured fact. The wealthy men of Chicago and others not wealthy who contributed to the building of the exposition will now spend their money for the building of the museum. By an act of unusual generosity, Marshall Field has set the ball rolling with a donation of $1,000,000 toward furthering the plan, and George M. Pullman has promised another $100,000. Mr. Field's gift is made on the condition that $500,000 be raised outside of his contribution, and that $2,000,000 stock of the expsition be assigned to the trustees of the projected museum.

Mr. Field gave $1,000,000 with as little ceremony as he would pay an admission fee to Jackson park. He gave his subscription Thursday afternoon but it was not made public until Friday; and as soon as the information got out the stockholders were telling the finance committee of the museum that their shares of stock would be gladly contributed toward the fund, and as it seems probable that the exposition will pay a dividend of 15 per cent, the sum realized may in the end reach an additional $500,000. It was a great day yesterday for the trustees of the museum. Mr. Field's munificence fired the public enthusiasm as it did that of all the exposition officials; and for starting the fund so liberally the museum will probably bear Mr. Field's name.

When the trustees for the museum met two weeks ago they had the promise of many exhibits, but there was not much money in sight. Edwin Walker was made temporary chairman, and two committees were appointed. One was the finance committee, consisting of Edwin C. Ayer, John C. Black and James W. Ellsworth. The second was a committee on by-laws and organization, consisting of George E. Adams, Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus and Charles L. Hutchinson. Prof. Putnam, chief of the department of ethnology of the exposition, was in attendance at the meeting. Prof. Putnam had been delegated as vice chairman of the committee of department chiefs to get them organized for soliciting exhibits. The professor outlined to the trustees at their meeting what he thought the museum should be, and then everybody began to hustle.

Pledged to Provide a Fund.

The members of the finance committee pledged themselves to provide a fund to endow a museum, and in carrying out their pledge they sought Marshall Field. A few days ago Mr. Ayer and Mr. Ellsworth told Mr. Field what they were trying to do, and asked him what he thought of the plan.

"Let me think of it a few days, and then come to see me," responded the big merchant.

Mr. Ellsworth thought Mr. Field had considered the matter long enough, when Thursday he walked into the latter's office.

"Well, Mr. Field, what do you think you can do?" was Mr. Ellsworth's query.

"Well, I think I'll give you a million," was the off-hand response.

Then, after more conferences, the conditions under which the donation was to be made were agreed upon. Mr. Field thought perhaps $1,000,000 should be raised outside of the amount he gave before he would pay the money to the trustees. He readily, however, made the amount $500,000, and then asked that $2,000,000 of stock be contributed.

"Of this amount you may count in the $100,000 of Marshall Field & Co.," added Mr. Field.

With Mr. Field's promise inspiring high hope, Mr. Ayer and Mr. Ellsworth and Mr. Black laid out a plan of campaign which should enlist the co-operation of all the wealthy men of Chicago. They met George M. Pullman in the Chicago club Thursday afternoon, and asked him what he was going to do.

"I will give you $100,000," was the reply, after he had been made acquainted with the plans and prospects of the enterprise.

Friday afternoon Mr. Ellsworth and the members of the agitation committee were down at Jackson park working for exhibits and congratulating themselves on the rosy outlook for the museum. Dr. Gunsaulus has been busy every day for a week, and his colaborers have been equally industrious and enthusiastic. Col. Davis and the department chiefs have been unusually successful in securing exhibits. The chiefs have spent many hours in their efforts to promote the museum, and as a result, their names will be perpetuated.

A most remarkable circumstance in connection with the development of the museum is the enthusiasm with which the people—the people who built the exposition—are entering upon this new duty. It was thought they were all tired out and would be glad when the fair was over, and so they were until the possible grandeur of the museum fully dawned before them, and then they began over again with augmented zeal and energy. The museum, it is proposed, shall be the climax of Chicago's triumph. Everything done in the name of Chicago has been a success—Chicago built the exposition; it had the biggest crowd at the fair, and it now proposes to have the grandest museum in the world.

LOOK OUT FOR BLIZZARDS.

All Old Signs Indicate a Cold Winter.

Utica, Nov. 6.—Loren Cushman, an aged farmer of Plymouth, Chenango county, predicts that the coming winter will be the most severe since 1833. He bases his opinion on the following grounds:

The husks on corn are much thicker than usual, and of a deep orange tint, instead of a light lemon hue.

The goose bone taken from a May-raised fowl shows larger and whiter spots than customary, which resemble the canals of Mars.

The crop of nuts of all kinds is immense, and the squirrels and chipmunks are laying in prodigious stores early in the season.

The partridges and woodchucks are lighting in barns and outhouses, instead of trees, and ducks are flying in U-shaped instead of V-shaped flocks toward the South.

The green frogs are changing their skins, and are even now seeking cool wells and springs for winter quarters.

MURDERER STONE WILL HANG.

His Trial Only Occupied Two Hours Time.

Washington, Ind., Nov. 4.—Stone was arraigned to-day for the murder of the Wratten family. By noon the trial was in progress. There was no trouble in getting a jury. Only a shadow of defense was made, as Stone's confession was admitted in evidence. The entire trial did not last more than two hours, and after deliberating 15 minutes the jury returned a verdict of guilty of murder in first degree.

THE CRONIN CASE REVIVED.

Daniel Coughlin Second Trial Begins.

Chicago, Nov. 3.—The second trial of Daniel Coughlin, the ex-detective, charged with complicity in the Cronin murde, began to-day in Judge Tuthill's court. Before a large crowd of spectators the prisoner appeared and entered a plea of not guilty. The selection of a jury was at once begun. Among the spectators were the wife and aged father of the prisoner and many of his old-time friends.

Mrs. U. S. Grant has arrived at Santa Barbara, Cal.

Work on San Francisco's Midwinter Exposition is being pushed rapidly.

FOREIGN.

THE SPANISH DISASTER THE GREATEST OF THE YEAR.

The Air Filled With Flying Iron, Burning Fragments and Bodies of Men and Women—Tremendous Force of the Explosion.

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Madrid, Nov. 6.—The terrible disaster which has wrecked the port of Santander and destroyed hundreds of lives has sent a thrill of horror throughout Spain. Telegraphic communication with the death and fire-stricken locality having not yet been reopened, the particulars concerning the horrible calamity reach here in driblets and by a roundabout way, such as dispatches from outlying towns. The Associated Press, however, is enabled to furnish what is regarded in this capital as a complete story of the disaster, so far as known.

The Cabano Machichaco, a Spanish steamship belonging to Bilbao, caught fire at about 3 o'clock Friday afternoon while the steamer was alongside the quay discharging part of her cargo, which comprised nearly 2,000 tons of different merchandise, though the main part of this cargo was iron ore and a number of sacks of flour, barrels of wine, many cases of petroleum, and over 500 cases of dynamite, of which only twenty cases were declared on the steamer's manifest. The remaining 480 cases of dynamite were contraband, and to the shame of the shippers of this contraband dynamite, it has caused immense loss of life and vast damage to property.

In the meantime thousands of people had crowded down to the quay and thronged the promenades contiguous to it, attracted by the fire on board the steamer, for the blaze from the bunkers soon acted as a beacon, which guided large numbers of the inhabitants towards the water's edge, anxious to see this really novel sight.

At about 11:30 p. m. a detonation on board the steamer showed, as it afterwards turned out, that the boilers had burst, and soon after there was another terrible detonation heard. The steamer seemed to open in half, sending a blaze of fire skyward, over which a crown of smoke rested for several minutes, a report of such awful intensity was heard that it shook the earth for miles around, causing houses to totter, smashed every window within the radius of a rifle-shot, filled the air with an immense mass of flying iron, burning wood, blackened timbers, and scorched beams, which soon after fell, a death-dealing hail, upon the neighboring houses, scattering death and destruction wherever it crushed downward.

The scene following the blowing up of the steamer is almost beyond description, and the force of the explosion of these 480 cases of dynamite will hardly be believed. The power of the explosive shot tons of iron into the air, where it mingled with the burning fragments of the steamship, tug and wooden quay, as well as with the mangled bodies of hundreds of the unfortunate people, who were hurled upward at the same time, and the falling of this horrible mass can be better imagined than described.

Over the adjoining buildings, tottering with wreckage, fell a shower of iron followed by huge pieces of wood and the remains of human bodies, and about all dropped flaming splinters which set fire to hundreds of buildings, causing a scene of panic similar, one would imagine, to the one which would have succeeded the bursting forth of a volcano at the water's edge. The force of the exploding dynamite caused such a concussion that in addition to shaking hundreds of the buildings off their foundations, it actually sank a hundred small craft in the harbor, in addition to setting fire to a large number of other vessels and starting conflagrations upon several of the larger ships, including the Alfonso XII, which vessel, as already cabled to the Associated Press, caught fire so suddenly and burned so fiercely that forty of her crew lost their lives on board of her. Nothing is yet reported here concerning the damage done to foreign shipping, but the loss is said to be very great.

The quay and promenade close to the scene of the explosion presented one of the most sickening sights ever witnessed. Mangled and blackened corpses were scattered here and there, or were piled in heaps in many cases upon the wounded and dying, whose fearful shrieks of agony filled the air, and struck terror into the hearts of those who after a time summoned sufficient courage to venture near the carnage ground.

Over a hundred people are said to have been precipitated into the sea by the explosion, and met death with the crew of the unfortunate steamer and the tugboat which was about to tow her into the bay. On board the tug boat were many citizens of Santander, who were taking part in the work of rescue. All of them have disappeared forever.

A train from the province which was just arriving at the railroad station when the Cabo Machichaco blew up, experienced the force of the explosion, and was wrecked and set fire to, and the majority of its passengers were burned to death before any assistance could be furnished them.

In the midst of this scene of horrible panic, when men and women tore their hair and cursed or prayed, a few brave men retained presence of mind enough to jump on horseback and ride to the nearest railroad stations, where they caused telegrams to be sent to the government and to the authorities of other cities, imploring succor for the wounded and asking that fire engines be promptly dispatched to the scene, as a failure to do so immediately would result in the utter destruction of Santander.

AFFAIRS IN BRAZIL.

The Revolution Will be a Fight to the Finish.

Rio Janeiro, Nov. 1.—The insurgent fleet in conjunction with Fort Villegaignon, daily bombards Nichteroy, Santa Cruz and San Jose, but the fire is badly directed. The firing on October 25 was particularly heavy, and the magazine of the insurgents at Mocanque, containing 40 tons of powder, was hit by a shell and blown up. This city so far has not been damaged by the present firing. Nichteroy has suffered severely, though there has been no loss of life.

Organizing Land Forces.

The insurgents are organizing land forces. The government is organizing land forces. It has already received eight cannons and 1,500 Manser rifles, which were brought from Montevidio by the Republica. The insurgent admiral, Mello, obtains money and pays his followers regularly. There is a strong feeling among the authorities here adverse to foreigners.

The Republica rammed the transport Rio De Janeiro, which was conveying 1,100 troops to Santos, and 500 of the troops were drowned. Admiral Mello confirms the truth of this report. He denies that he has any direct intention of restoring the empire. He wishes to be recognized as a belligerent by the foreign powers. He expects that the warships Riachuelo and Benjamin Constant will join the insurgents. The rebel flagship Aquidaban was slightly damaged by the fire from the forts.

RIOTERS IN MARSEILLES.

The Police Unable to Cope With the Mob.

Marseilles, Nov. 6.—The strike of the employes of the horse car lines in this city assumed a most threatening aspect to-day. The police seem utterly unable to cope with the mob, and it is probable that the soldiers will have to be called to suppress rioting. The horse car yards and stables of the different companies are already guarded by troops, and there is a prospect of a collision between the militia and the rioters before the day passes. This morning a mob of over 5,000 rioters assembled on the Cannebierle, the widest and most frequented thoroughfare of this city and overturned 15 horse cars which the companies attempted to run. In addition the rioters saturated one of the cars with petroleum and set fire to it amid the cheers and yells of the thousands of rioters crowding around the overturned car.

MATEBELES MOWED DOWN BY BRITISH GUNS.

Decisive Battle Fought—Lobengula Will be Compelled to Surrender.

Cape Town, Nov. 2.—A special dispatch to the Associated Press asserts that King Lobengula is flying northward, and that when last reported at Fort Charter, by the native runners sent out to the rear, in order to open up communication between the columns in pursuit and that fort, the fugitive king was trying to rally his troops in the vicinity of the Shangale river and the Kwelo. The king has been located about 100 miles north of Bulowayo and about 140 miles west of Fort Charter.

The dispatches to the Associated Press add that King Lobengula seems to have fallen into a complete trap as his further flight northward toward the Zambesi river is blocked and impassable, while the tsetse fly country is in his rear, and Fort Salisbury on his right flank. On his left flank the British columns are advancing, and thus it is expected that the king will be compelled to surrender within a few days' time.

After the British columns crossed the Shangale

GENERAL.

SPEEDING TOWARDS NEW YORK

In Weeks, the Embezzler—A Napoleon of Finance.

New York, Nov. 2.—Embezzler Weeks left New Orleans last evening for this city, where he is expected to-morrow.

Weeks's gigantic stealings place him with John C. Eno and E. W. Harper among the big embezzlers of the time. The amounts appropriated by Eno and Harper were larger, but Weeks put nearly a million and a half into his pockets, and the ambition and boldness he displayed in some of his operations entitles him to rank with the other two Napoleons of finance.

The embezzlements charged to Weeks aggregate $1,300,000. He always had a genius for large operations, and his downfall has been correspondingly weighty and disastrous. A land company located at West Superior, Wis., and called the West Superior Land and Improvement com-

FRANCIS H. WEEKS.

pany, was the theater of his first big operations. When Weeks became president the company, on a capital of $750,000, was developing rapidly, and last April its value was estimated at $14,000,000. Later Weeks became treasurer of the company also, and having thus gained complete control of its affairs, he started the West Superior Iron and Steel company, with a capital of $3,500,000. The iron and steel company lost money steadily, but Weeks kept pouring the improvement company's funds into it until he had used up between $550,000 and $600,000.

The other and most disreputable feature of his crimes, however, was yet to be revealed. This came out on May 12, when, on application, an order was issued removing him as trustee from an estate in which one of his wealthy clients, Cecile Bristed Griffith, had a life interest. The lawyers who made the application said they could find no trace of $313,072 in which their client had a life interest, and that Weeks had apparently not paid $54,000 interest due and also cheated her out of $16,000, alleging that this sum was due himself for legal services and disbursements. A thorough investigation it was found that the aggregate of funds which had been entrusted to Weeks which had subsequently disappeared reached the extraordinary total of nearly a million and a half.

THERE ARE CRANKS AND CRANKS

Turning Up Every Day All Over the Country.

New York, Nov. 1.—A crank demanded $5,000 of Sergeant Fagan, of the East Thirty-Fifth street station, yesterday. He was told to call again and he did so. The man was very fierce and threatening. The sergeant told an officer to take the man down to a bank and give him the money. The officer locked him up.

Superintendent Byrnes was confronted with a crank yesterday who wanted money he said Byrnes owed him. "How much is it?" said the superintendent. "It's $75,000," he said. "I told Mrs. Bell to give them to you. You were one man in a thousand I picked out to keep the money for me; but now you've had it long enough; two years is a long time. There is $25,000 interest on it now. I want it in pennies."

"Pennies are pretty scarce," pondered the superintendent, "but maybe we can manage it. Frank you take this man into the detective's office and get him the $100,000. See that they give him the $25,000 in pennies and the rest in bills."

The sergeant and the crank walked over the bridge arm in arm. The crank is in an iron cell now, waiting to be paid.

Harlem developed its crank last night. The crank stood on the bridge, brandished a revolver, and yelled:

"Captain Brooks owes me $50,000, and I mean to have it. He borrowed it twelve years ago to speculate with."

Officer Doyle, whose post is on the bridge, hesitated for a moment when he first saw the crank. Then he employed strategy, and managed to get behind the man who wanted the $50,000. He promised to take him to Captain Brooks, if the crank would give up his revolver. The crank consented, and was promptly arrested. He said his name was John O'Donnell, and that he was 28 years old.

BUSINESS IN COLORADO

Not Seriously Affected by the Passage of the Repeal Bill.

Denver, Col., Nov. 3.—At least forty per cent of the total number of furnaces in Colorado are smelting silver ores in spite of adverse legislation. The smelters are in the market for ores and the supply has been fair. Some of the big mines are so well developed and so skillfully managed that with silver at 70 cents they can produce at a profit in quite large amounts. The leading producers at Aspen are ready to continue when the question is settled. An offer of $2.25 for eight hours' work has been refused by the union, whose leaders refused to allow any man to go to work.

A feature of the silver mining question not fully understood is the effect the lead market has upon the output of silver ores. The lead market, it is believed, will show no signs of a revival for months to come, and this fact will add to the difficulty of marketing ores at a profit. With the price of lead at $3.20 to $3.50, instead of the former rate of $4 to $4.20, it means a difference of from $8 to $12 a ton in the value of silver ores. The rise in silver must be very sharp to offset the low prices of lead.

Ex-Governor Evans, G. E. Rosslewin, cashier of the First National bank; Rodney Curtis, president of the Denver Tramway company; C. B. Kountz, president of the Colorado National bank; J. J. Reithmann, president of the German National bank, and several other bankers, were asked to-day if the passage of the repeal bill would destroy Colorado's industries.

Without an exception each one expressed the believe that the injury to Colorado by the repeal of the silver purchase law had been anticipated for weeks, and that business was slowly improving.

THE DOW LAW TAX.

Footings Made by State Auditor Poe.

Columbus, O., Nov. 4.—(Special.)—The auditor of state to-day made footings in the Dow law collections for January and July, 1893, and the distribution of it to the various funds according to law. The total is $2,825,142.64, collected from 10,620 saloons in January and 11,740 in July. Of this sum $565,131.97 goes to the state general revenue fund; $728,558.19 to the municipal police funds; $874,813.99 to the municipal general revenue funds, and $656,638.49 to the county poor fuunds.

Heavy Output of Gold.

Philadelphia, Nov. 2.—The coinage of gold at the Philadelphia mint during the month just closed was one of the largest on the mint's history. Under orders from the Secretary of the Treasury of a month ago the mint was required to turn out $15,000,000 in gold by December 1. All the presses were put to work and overtime has been made, the operators working at night in order to comply with the secretary's mandate.

FUNERAL OF CHICAGO'S MAYOR, CARTER HARRISON.

It Is Estimated That While the Body Was Lying in State It Was Viewed by Fully 100,000 People—Prendergast Remains Stolid.

Chicago, Nov. 1.—With the solemn pomp and imposing ceremonies befitting the interment of the former chief magistrate of the World's Fair city and his pitifully dramatic fate, Carter H. Harrison's body was escorted to Graceland cemetery to-day by an immense throng of sorrowing citizens.

Through the great crowd that had gathered to see the murdered mayor's last leave taking of the scene of his ardent labors in behalf of the city he loved, the black car slowly passed and took its place in the waiting procession. As it drew into the line, the march was taken up and the thousands who had gathered to do honor to the dead, moved slowly through the crowded streets with banners draped and to the sad music of the funeral march.

To the Cemetery.

Out from the center of the city the great procession marched across the river and to the beautiful church of the Epiphany near the late executive's home, and along the line of march the people with sad faces and bared heads watched the sombre columns and about the church a throng as great as that which had been gathered about the City hall.

The cortege moved in the following order:

Platoon of 27 police officers commanded by a lieutenant.
Iowa state band.
Austin J. Doyle, marshal of the day.
Staff of seventy mounted aides.
Maj. Gen. Nelson A. Miles and personal staff.
Department staff, composed of twelve army officers, 22 army officers on special duty connected with the World's Fair.
Fifteenth infantry band.
Col. Robert E. A. Crofton, commanding 15th U. S. infantry and staff.
Companies A, B, C, D, E, F, G and H, U. S. infantry from Fort Sheridan.
Light battery E, first U. S. artillery.
First brigade Illinois National Guard, Gen. H. H. Wheeler, cammanding, with staff.
Honorary pall-bearers—T. W. Palmer, ex-Governor Oglesby, F. W. Winston, Adolf Kraus, Frank Wenter, ex-Mayor Washburne, H. N. Higginbotham, Percival Peck, C. Fitzsimmons, C. K. G. Billings, ex-Mayor Roche, Judge Francis Adams, N. A. Miles, Judge Lyman Trumbull, H. J. Jones, P. D. Armour, ex-Mayor Medill and E. A. Waller.
Funeral car with active pall-bearers, consisting of eight captains of police and eight captains of the fire department.
Mourners in carriages.
Members of the city council in carriages.
City officials in carriages.
Governor Altgeld and state officials in carriages.
Illinois board of World's Fair commissioners in carriages.
United States government officials in carriages.
Typographical union, including the chapel of the Times (Mr. Harrison's paper).
One hundred carriages, containing representatives of various civic societies, including the Union League club, the Real Estate board and others.

Crowds at the City Hall.

From the time the mayor's body was placed in the city hall yesterday, a continuous procession has moved through the corridor and past the bier. For 24 hours the line remained unbroken and when to-day the corridor was of necessity abruptly closed to the public a great crowd still remained in line awaiting a last look at the features of the dead executive.

All night long, men and women stood in double file waiting an entrance to the building. Late last night the line extended a block from the entrance and people stood in line for hours unwilling to loose their last opportunity to see the face of Carter Harrison. Before the night's crowd had melted the early morning throng began to arrive and when the corridors were closed it was estimated that fully 100,000 people had filed past the body.

Prendergast Unconcerned.

While the thousands upon the streets were viewing the funeral procession, Prendergast, the assassin whose bullet had caused the city sorrow, strolled about the cage in the county jail, apparently unconcerned. He had asked for the morning papers and read with apparent interest the published accounts of the funeral arrangements, but had made no remark concerning the sad occasion. As he paced up and down the dimly lighted corridor the strains of a passing band playing the dead mayor's dirge floated in through the grated windows. The murderer stopped in his walk for a moment, listened to the solemn music and then paced on again, seemingly unconscious of what was taking place without the prison walls.

A Pathetic Reminder.

A peculiarly pathetic reminder of the dead mayor came into view immediately following the great black and golden hearse—a thoroughbred mare, saddled and bridled, but riderless. In many a hot race or fierce election contest, thousands of people had seen the dashing mayor press forward on the same thoroughbred into positions of danger few public men would dare. To see the noble looking animal to-day led lonesomely behind the hearse of her master was a sight that not many witnessed unmoved.

Prendergast's Case Continued.

Chicago, Nov. 6.—Mayor Harrison's assassin Prendergast, appeared for trial to-day, but upan the request of attorneys secured for him, by his brother, a letter carrier, the case was continued by Judge Dunne until November 27. The lawyers for the defense stated that they desired time to study the case.

OPENING NEW GOLD MINES.

One Effect of the Repeal of the Sherman Law.

Washington, Nov. 7.—Advices received here from the states and territories which have heretofore been known principally because of their production of silver, indicate that the repeal of the Sherman silver purchasing law may soon prove to be an unalloyed gift. Inquiry made among the senators, members and delegates representing these states and territories develops the fact that in most of them the miners and prospectors have begun to divert themselves in the direction of a search for gold mines and are prosecuting this work with unwonted vigor.

In many instances they did not wait for the repeal bill to become a law, but very soon after so many of the silver mines closed down, as many did upon the announcement of the demonetization of silver in India and also others after the President issued his call for the extra session of Congress, a great many of the men who had been let out turned their backs upon the silver camps and began the search for the more precious metal.

That in many instances they have been successful the mails of senators and members bear ample testimony. In Colorado, Montana, Idaho, Utah, Arizona and New Mexico several new gold camps have been opened, which promise well and work has also been resumed in many abandoned placers and in quartz mines which had been deserted.

THE LIST OF FAILURES

Of the Present Year Compared With the Past Ten Years.

New York, Nov. 6.—A glance at a compilation of Bradstreet's for the last 11 years, showing the business failures and the assets and liabilities for that time, will afford an idea of the magnitude of this year's disasters:

	No. of Failures.	Assets.	Liabilities.
1803	2,035	$120,387,668	$153,227,546
1892	2,027	10,274,595	20,436,250
1891	2,820	23,604,524	46,441,228
1890	2,072	14,425,596	29,073,988
1889	1,961	17,018,054	34,343,807
1888	2,078	9,814,806	18,951,369
1887	1,886	18,902,887	35,282,328
1886	2,057	11,887,739	23,869,215
1885	2,317	10,990,305	22,405,883
1884	2,833	37,722,868	71,846,860
1883	2,062	23,375,331	49,460,157

There appears to be no doubt when these figures are gone over that this has been a Democratic year.

COMING EAST BY THOUSANDS.

Unemployed Men Migrating From the West in Armies.

San Antonio, Nov. 7.—The Southern Pacific officials here have received word that there are 3,000 more unemployed workingmen on their way East from California. They are traveling in squads of from 100 to 500 men each, and have possession of the freight trains upon which they are riding. Another batch of them will reach San Antonio about to-morrow. One hundred idle men, seventy-five of whom have reached here from California, captured an east-bound Southern Pacific freight train in the yards here and left the city.

SWIFT CHOSEN MAYOR OF CHICAGO.

Harmony Prevailed, Swift's Bond Was Approved and the Oath Administered.

Chicago, Nov. 7.—The wrangle over the election of mayor pro tempore was settled last night by the choice of Alderman George B. Swift, he receiving 62 votes to 5 for Alderman McGillen, one blank being cast. The Democratic aldermen remained in the council chamber until 7:30, the time set for the regular meeting. This was to keep McGillen in the chair, on

MAYOR GEORGE B. SWIFT.

the plea that the original meeting of which he had been chairman had not adjourned.

The Republican aldermen were locked up in a room half a square from the City hall, to keep away from the sergeant-at-arms, who had been instructed by the Democrats to bring them over to the meeting.

Republicans on the Scene.

At 7:20 the Republican aldermen, followed by a small army of their adherents, marched in a column of twos to the council chamber, where they were greeted with loud cheers and laughter by the waiting Democrats. Leaders of both factions quickly got together, and it was decided to avoid any possible repetition of the scenes of last Saturday. Everything was wiped off the slate. A new vote was taken. McGillen having, on motion of a Republican alderman, been chosen chairman, appointed as tellers the four aldermen who acted in that capacity at Saturday's election.

Swift Sworn In.

There were 68 aldermen present, two from each of the 36 wards. When the vote was over 69 votes had been cast, one alderman having thrown in a vote for both Swift and McGillen. The vote stood: Swift, 50; McGillen, 19. After some discussion, it was decided to call another vote, which gave Swift 62, McGillen 5, one blank ballot being cast. Alderman Swift at once presented his bond, which was made out after Saturday's election, and he was sworn in as mayor pro tem. The special election for mayor will be held next month.

OBJECTS AND AIMS OF A. P. A.

Congressmen Are Being Made Acquainted With the Order.

Washington, Nov. 2.—Many Congressmen to-day received a card from the American Protective association, setting forth its objects as follows:

First—The American Protective association is organized for the purpose of purifying politics, as a non-sectarian and non-partisan organization, composed only of true American citizens, without regard to nationality.

Second—While we unite to protect our country and its free institutions, we attack no man's religion so long as he does not attempt to make it an element in political power.

Third—Our aim is to preserve and maintain the government of the United States and of the principles of the Declaration of Independence, as set forth by the founders, against the encroachments of all foreign influences.

Fourth—We regard all religio-political organizations as the enemies of civil and religious liberties.

Fifth—It is, in our opinion, unsafe and unwise to appoint or elect to civil or military offices in this country men who owe supreme allegiance to any foreign king, potentate or ecclesiastical power, or who are sworn to obey such power.

Sixth—We are in favor of maintaining one general, unsectarian free school system, and will oppose all attempts to supplant it by any sectarian institution. We are opposed to the use of public funds for any sectarian purpose.

Seventh—We are in favor of changing our immigration laws in such a manner that they will protect our citizen-laborers from the influences of pauper and criminal labor, which, through the instrumentality of European propagandist societies, are rapidly supplanting our free and educated American citizens in every line of industry; but we do not oppose honest and educated immigrants who come for the purpose of becoming American citizens, and who will forswear allegiance to all foreign potentates and powers.

Eighth—We are in favor of putting into office honest and true patriots, who are qualified, and who owe allegiance only to the Stars and Stripes.

THE MID-WINTER FAIR.

Rapid Progress Made in Erecting Buildings.

San Francisco, Nov. 7.—The progress thus far made by contractors on several main buildings of the mid-winter fair is highly satisfactory. The brick work of the art building is all completed. The iron roof girders are on the premises, and even if rain does set in there will be little or no delay in the work. The mechanics' art building may be said to be practically under roof, only the glass for the skylights being missing. This will be in place in a few days. The roof of the horticultural building will be of tin, painted to resemble tiles, and it can be readily understood it will not take long to put this in place.

Another week of good weather will put the manufacturers' building under cover, so there need be no fear that the buildings will not be ready in time. The most notable progress made during the past week has been in connection with the administration building, which has risen two stories in height during eight days. The various commissionaries are also making rapid progress.

IMMIGRATION FIGURES.

A Slight Decrease, but Yet Too Many.

Washington, Nov. 7.—Treasury department figures show 34,519 immigrants arrived in the United States during September and that 430,517 arrived during the nine months ended September 30; 476,848 arrived for the same nine months of 1892. Austro-Hungary furnished 3,678 of this month's aggregate; Germany, 7,621; Russia (except Poland), 3,927; Sdewen and Norway, 4,053 and the United Kingdom, 11,287.

BABY'S BLOOD AND SKIN

Cleansed and purified of every humor, eruption, and disease by the celebrated

CUTICURA REMEDIES

These great skin cures, blood purifiers, and humor remedies afford immediate relief in the most torturing of Itching and Burning Eczemas and other itching, scaly, crusted, and blotchy skin and scalp diseases, permit rest and sleep, and point to a permanent and economical (because most speedy) cure when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. Thousands of grateful testimonials attest their wonderful, unfailing, and incomparable efficacy. Sold everywhere. POTTER DRUG AND CHEM. CORP., Boston. "All About the Skin, Scalp, and Hair," mailed free.

BABY'S Skin and Scalp purified and beautified by CUTICURA SOAP. Absolutely pure.

HOW MY SIDE ACHES! Aching Sides and Back, Hip, Kidney, and Uterine Pains, and Rheumatism relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain-killing, strengthening plaster.

REPUBLICANS TRIUMPH

THE NOVEMBER ELECTIONS A REGULAR LANDSLIDE.

M'KINLEY RECEIVES A MAMMOTH MAJORITY,

AND STANDS THE LEADING CANDIDATE FOR PRESIDENT IN 1896.

Republicanism Triumphant East and West—New York, Massachusetts and New Jersey Come Into Line—A Grand Old Victory.

The result of the November elections is a sweeping Republican victory. The tariff-smashing policy of the Democratic party has received a tremendous adverse verdict at the hands of the people of the states which held elections. It will make Wilson's cellar committee pause. The thousands of idle workmen who see their wives and children suffer because of the fanatic devotion of the Democratic party to the free trade theories of the Cobden Club of England, came to their senses, and voted for the Republican ticket as the readiest means of protesting against the threatened Democratic destruction of our industries.

Ohio has given an overwhelming Republican majority—greater than any since the great Brough campaign in war times. McKinley is elected, with all his colleagues on the state ticket; both branches of the General Assembly have heavy Republican majorities. This tremendous victory places McKinley in the leadership for the Presidential nomination in 1896, and Ohio will present him to the national convention as her choice.

New York has shaken herself loose from Democratic control, and elected the Republican state ticket. Judge Maynard, who engineered a steal of returns by which the Democrats got control of the state legislature, is overwhelmingly defeated.

Massachusetts has gone back into the Republican ranks, electing Greenhalge, Rep., governor by a huge majority.

New Jersey has been wrested from the Democrats by the Republicans, and joins New York and Massachusetts.

The Republicans have carried Iowa. Boies is relegated to political retirement, and Jackson is elected governor.

Missouri, entucky, Maryland and Virginia have all gone Democratic, as was expected.

Detroit chose a Republican mayor by an increased majority, and elected Stone, Rep., to Congress to succeed the late Judge Chipman, Dem.

In Chicago, Judge Gary, who tried the Anarchists, is re-elected, despite the strongest efforts to defeat him.

The Weekly Blade goes to press too early to give details, which must be left for the next issue.

SHAME OF WISCONSIN

State Officers Try to Rob the Treasury.

Madison, Wis., Nov. 7—By far the most sensational political suit in the history of Wisconsin was begun in the Dane county Circuit court yesterday. It involves Governor Peck, Attorney General O'Connor and other state officers in an attempt to get at the state funds in the treasury. The suit is the outcome of the award by Governor Peck during the summer of an exhibitant and illegal secret contract for printing a special edition of the roster of Wisconsin volunteers in the war of the Rebellion; a court is given to a company in which several state officials were interested and whereby it would be greatly enriched. The net steal would have amounted at first whick to over $30,000 had not the scheme been so summarily frustrated by the Madison Democrat, the official state printer, which compelled the governor to convene the council. With the security of this illegal contract and the opinion of the attorney general that it was in "due form," several parties advanced money to the now defunct Madison Times, to which company the contract had been awarded. The parties who advanced the money have made futile attempts to get their money back, and now have taken the legal resort to recover it. Papers were served on Governor Peck, Attorney General O'Connor, Assistant Attorney General J. M. Clancy and Col. Clarance L. Clark, now manager of the Milwaukee Morning Times, but who at the time was Governor Peck's private secretary.

GOING TO CALIFORNIA.

Naughty Midway at the Midwinter Exposition.

Chicago, Nov. 2.—California has captured all of the Midway Plaisance attractions worth having. They will be changed in form when set up on the west coast, so that visitors who have seen them here can look at them there again and learn something. Old Vienna, for instance, is to be a card at the mid-winter exposition, but it won't be old Vienna there in name or appearance. It will be a reproduction of a pleasure garden of Vienna. The German village that has furnished good dinners, good beer and luncheon with the best of music thrown in, will change its appointments in San Francisco. Heidelberg Castle taking the place of the village. But the best effect of the midwinter's street of all nations will be the streets of all Eastern countries interseeting one another. One admission allows a person to see Cairo street as it was seen here, and Turkish, Algerian, Moorish, Persian and other streets of the different countries of that section of the earth. The most popular of the naughty dancing girls of the Midway are going to San Francisco.

Negotiations are now pending between the managers of the Californian show and the Libbey glass works, and if that exhibit gets a concession, California will have all of the best attractions of the Midway, save Hagenbeck's animal show and the Ferris wheel.

KANSAS DESTITUTION.

People Actually Starving in Many Parts of the State.

Topeka, Nov. 2—Some time ago G. E. Studebaker was sent by the A. O. U. W. on an investigating tour in Southwestern Kansas. He has just returned and his account of the suffering in Seward, Grant, Stevens, Morton and Stanton cuonties is heartrending. He says there are scores of families without food, and that the problem of fuel to keep them from freezing is unsolved, to say nothing of the pangs of hunger. Not a spear of wheat or corn was raised there this year, and there is no employment for the hundreds of idle men.

One of the pathetic scenes described was that at the home of a widow who lived in a lonely dug-out on the barren prairie. Her three little children were crying for food, while the woman ground a small quantity of wheat into coarse meal for porridge in an old coffee mill. Studebaker says this is one case of a scene that he witnessed.

JUST THINK OF THIS!

A Real Marine Battle Off Sandy Hook.

New York, Nov. 7.—The World has the following: There may be a fine marine battle just outside Sandy Hook within the next ten days. It is declared that Admiral Mello is negotiating for the purchase of two large ocean-going tugs here to be used as rams, and punch holes in El Cid as soon as she shall turn the Hook to leave American waters.

OUR FOOD FOR EUROPE.

Demand Growing for American Corn and Hay.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 1.—The indications from abroad still lead to the belief that the farmers of the United States will be called upon to furnish a large amount of food for the people of Europe during the coming year. Reports from France, Germany, Scotland and other parts of Europe still indicate that the crops of Europe are light this season, and that the necessity for relying upon the United States for corn will still be very great.

The Department of Agriculture has reports from most of the European countries, and in nearly all of them there are indications of a light crop and a demand for foreign productions of corn. In France the wheat crop of the present year is given at 277,000,000 against 310,000,000 bushels last year, being less than any year since 1888 with one exception. The rye crop which is an important feature of the food product of European countries, is also lighter than usual. In France the rye crop is only 44,000,000 bushels, being considerabie less than it has been in the last five years with one exception. The barley crop is also lower than at any time in the past five years, as is also the case with the oat crop of France.

Italy and Germany.

In Italy the wheat crop is a slight improvement over that of last year, being 119,000,000 bushels against 115,000,000 bushels last year, though the barley crop has fallen off much more than the wheat crop has increased. From Germany the reports also indicate a light crop. Grain of all kinds is reported to be from one-fourth to one-half of the average harvest in the section of Germany reported upon by Consul John Smith, of May nce.

In this connection that Agricultural Department furnishes some interesting information about the increased tendencies to the use of American corn in Germany. The military authorities have given direction to utilize corn as a part of the rations for army horses, and a prominent publication of Germany in commenting upon this subject says: Indian corn may be fed without injury to the health of the horse, and may be substituted for oats provided the corn is of good quality. But as not all horses, especially the old ones, are able to munch and masticate hard corn and to digest it thoroughly, it is necessary that it should be kibbled rough ground before being fed.

The great quantity of farinaceous matter in corn permits the addition of other material which, though alone unfit for horse feed is cheaper and being mixed with such corn makes proper and good feed. This has been done for years whenever the high price of oats and the need of substituting for their other material made it desirable. A mixture may be prepared by using crushed oats, crushed grains, malt-dust, bran, etc.

At the present high price oats are little used, and a mixture for workhorses is prepared of 50 per cent pressed corn, 15 to 20 per cent crushed bears, 10 to 15 per cent bran and from 10 to 20 per cent malt dust. The daily ration varies from ten to fifteen pounds of this mixture according to the work required and seven to eight pounds of Lucerne hay. The several parts are well mixed with chopped straw and wheat chaff and a little moistened. To purchase corn already crushed is not advisable because a second or a third grade quality of grain may have been used. There is no objection to discarding oats as horse feed in part or entirely, and to substitute corn therefor.

Demand for Hay.

One curious feature of the demand upon this country for food to supply animals as well as mankind is the growth of the demand for hay from the American continent. The London board of Trade Journal has compiled a statement showing the quantities of hay imported into the United Kingdom from various countries for the months of July and August and for the eight months ending August 31, 1893, as compared with the corresponding figures of 1892. As a result of the partial failure of the hay crop the importation of the current year very largely exceeds that of 1892. During July, 1893, 18,636 tons were imported against 3,614 tons during the same month of last year, and this heavy importation was more than doubled during August when 38,416 tons were brought in over their borders as compared with 2,479 tons during August, 1893. During July, 1892, the American continent furnished but 1,458 tons of 40.2 per cent of the total importation for that month; in July, 1893, the same source supplied 13,692 tons, or 73.5 per cent of the total. This shifting of the source of supplies is still more strongly emphasized by the figures for August.

The American continent supplying only 267 tons, or 10.7 per cent of the total in 1892, and 33,127 tons, or 86.2 per cent of the total in 1893. The imports of hay for the eight months ending August 31, arose from 32,177 tons in 1892, to 119,818 tons in 1893; our continent furnishing 10,831 tons, or 33.7 per cent of the total during the former year and 91,758 tons, or 76.6 per cent of the total during the present year.

ONLY ONE UNCALLED FOR,

Out of 10,000 Babies Cared for at the World's Fair Nursery.

Chicago, Nov. 4.—More than 10,000 babies were cared for by Miss Hall's nurses in the children's building during the six months of the Fair. Only one of all that number was abandoned by its natural protectors. This one is a very small boy, hardly three months old.

Last Saturday morning a woman appeared at the nursery with the little fellow and asked Miss Hall to take care of him while she went to the emergency hospital for treatment. The day passed and the mother did not return. Supposing that the woman was ill nothing was done and the baby was carefully nursed in expectation of a fond mother's gratitude. The fair ended and the little unknown was still unclaimed. He is being cared for temporarily in a private family, while efforts are being made to find a good home for him. That there were no more cases of this kind during the fair is remarkable in view of the fact that the Paris exposition had to provide for hundreds left in the nurseries.

IMPORTS AND EXPORTS.

Showing Their Value and the Amount Dutiable.

Washington, Nov. 7.—The chief of the bureau of statistics has issued a summary statement of the imports and exports of the United States for September. It shows that the total imports of merchandise during the month of September were valued at $46,303,590, as compared with imports of the value of $67,466,062 during September of last year. Of the imports this year $25,418,671 were free of duty and $20,884,919 were dutiable. The imports for nine months ended September 30, 1893, were $625,331,972 and for the nine months ended September 30, 1892, were $636,106,009. The exports of domestic merchandise for September were $70,014,413, and for September of last year $62,031,409.

GOOD RECOVERY OF BUSINESS.

The Clearing House Certificates Retired—President Tappen Talks.

New York, Nov. 3.—The last of the clearing-house certificates, amounting to about $400,000, was retired, thus cleaning up the whole lot and releasing the last of the more than 50 millions of securities and mercantile paper which the clearing-house has held against the issued certificates. Mr. Frederick D. Tappen, president of the clearing-house committee, said yesterday that he expected to see a still further increase in the banks' surplus reserve. He looks for a good recovery in business, but not for any "boom."

Stricken With Paralysis.

Mexico, Nov. 6.—While at the table yesterday ex-Congressman Buckner suffered a stroke of paralysis. His condition is regarded as extremely critical.

WILL SHAKE THE WORLD.

European and Washington Diplomatists Are Fearful of War.

New York, Nov. 7.—The outcome of the Spanish campaign against the Riffians causes great uneasiness among Washington and European diplomatists. The landing of Spanish troops and the consequence of eventual victories over the Moors would necessarily lead to the land grabbing in which both England and France are waiting for an excuse to assist. But it does not appear that Spain has energy or money enough to enter upon an aggressive campaign that might bring her into conflict with France or with England. She lost her golden opportunity when the first week had passed after the first attack at Melilla. She hesitated to assert herself, and so far as Moorish conquest is concerned permitted herself to be "left." With such an excuse as Melilla either England or France would by this time have been in Fez and Sultan Muley Hassan either a fugitive or a prisoner, or deprived altogether of his possessions on the Mediterranean coast.

It hardly seems possible, though, that the next European war will result from Spain's interference in Morocco. That it must come, however, is the universal fear. The Cologne Gazette thinks the great struggle will result from the ultimate ends of the Franco-Russian alliance, "which," says the great German political authority, "cannot be achieved without wars which will shake the world."

Any discussion as to how the coming war will originate would be at present futile. Where it will originate is easier to say. "One gun fired in the Mediterranean," says a Washington diplomat, "and no one can see the end."

MR. CARLISLE IN NEW YORK.

What He Says About Coining Silver Bullion.

New York, Nov. 7.—Mr. Carlisle, secretary of the Treasury, arrived here yesterday. To a reporter of the Evening Post Mr. Carlisle said he was here on official business. Mr. Carlisle declined to say anything in relation to the financial and business situation, or express any opinion as to the outlook. As to the condition of the treasury, etc., he could say nothing, as he did not consider it wise or proper to transact the business of the government through the newspapers. Through the misunderstanding of a treasury order, or an erroneous dispatch from Washington, the impression has become general that Secretary Carlisle has ordered the mints to coin the seigniorage of the silver bullion now in the treasury; that is, the proportion of any given quantity of silver bullion that would become seigniorage if the whole of the quantity was coined.

In reply to the question of the reporter for the Evening Post, Mr. Carlisle said he had not issued any order directing the mints to coin the silver bullion now in the treasury, nor any part of it.

"What I have done is just this," said he. "We could use a few more silver dollars now, and I have therefore directed the mints to get ready to coin some of the bullion if it should be deemed advisable to do so; that is, I have ordered them to prepare the ingots and stamps. It is necessary, you know, before the bullion can be coined, to make ingots of a certain length and of the same thickness as the dollar. To do that and make the stamps would take some weeks, so, you see, we could not begin coining at once, even if we wanted to do so."

COUGHLIN'S SECOND TRIAL.

Not Likely That He Will be Convicted.

Chicago, Nov. 4.—The second trial of Daniel Coughlin, the ex-detective charged with complicity in the Cronin murder, began yesterday in Judge Tuthill's court. Before a large crowd of spectators the prisoner appeared and entered a plea of not guilty. The selection of a jury was at once begun. Among the spectators were the wife and aged father of the prisoner, and many of his old time friends. Most of the men called upon to act as jurors said they had formed opinions regarding the case, and soon the panel was exhausted. Judge Tuthill issued a special venire for 150 jurymen and the case was continued until to-day.

Coughlin was neatly dressed, and presented a rather natty appearance. His face was pale, but his eyes were bright, and there was a more hopeful look in them than there was during the trial four years ago. With the many witnesses who have passed away since the former Cronin trial the difficulty of again securing a conviction in Coughlin's case was recognized. Their testimony remains on the record, and this will be put in by the state by placing the official stenographers on the stand and having them identify the documents containing the testimony as the official record of the case, but this at the best will be unsatisfactory.

DEATH IN A FOLDING BED.

Fatal Result of a Practical Joke by Two Boys on Their Sister.

Chicago, Nov. 7.—Miss Daisy Agnes Berg, a beautiful girl well known in Chicago society, was killed by her brothers, who shut her in a folding bed as a joke. The two young men are utterly prostrated to-day, and it is feared that the mind of the youngest will be permanently effected by the terrible event.

Miss Berg was 22 years old, and with her father and mother she lived at 293 Rush street, on the north side.

With various other members of the family, she had been spending the evening at a concert. Upon their return to the house the girl and her brothers were playing jokes upon each other. Finally all retired. The latter, not dreaming that they had quite got square with their sister, and determined to frighten her. She was sleeping in a folding bed, and they stole into her room and, seizing the foot of the bed, gave it a sudden turn, at the same time yelling wildly.

In their excitement they used more force than they had intended. The bed was shut up with the swinging footboard stamped up like the blade of a knife, wedging the girl into the hollow frame. There was a smothered cry and then a dead silence. The boys went to free their sister, but they were too late.

MORE ROBBERS CAPTURED.

Several Shots Fired and One Man Wounded.

Batesville, Ark., Nov. 6.—Five of the Olyphant robbers in all have been captured. Two are in jail at Batesville and three are being carried overland to Newport. A considerable part of the plunder was recovered from the two men in jail, including pocket books, money, rings and watches. The three men being carried overland were captured in the White River bottoms this morning, after the exchange of several shots, which wounded one of the robbers. No names were given of those arrested this morning.

The two men in jail at Batesville give their names as Lemon and Arnett. They are sullen and refuse to talk. They have the appearance of desperate men.

FERRIS WILL BUILD A BRIDGE.

His Wheel Was a Success so He Will Try Something Else.

Cincinnati, Nov. 3.—It is confidently expected that before the first heavy snow covers the ground, work on the sixth bridge over the Ohio river will be under way. It will enter Covington. The bridge will be of the cantilever design, with a span next to the longest in America and third in length in the world. G. W. Ferris, the designer of the World's Fair wheel, has undertaken its construc-

They Are Thirsty.

Charleston, S. C., Nov. 3.—A petition was filed in the United States court yesterday, asking the court to order the receiver of the South Carolina railroad to transport beer and whisky offered the agent in Augusta for delivery to consignees in this state. Under the dispensary law no liquors can be brought into the state except those which have the brand of the state dispensary on them. The hearing is appointed for Nov. 9.

All Reappointed.

Washington, Nov. 7.—The President has reappointed all postmasters that failed of confirmation by the Senate.

HOW DO YOU LIKE THIS?

A Conservative Revision of the McKinley Bill.

Columbus, O., Nov. 3.—(Special.)—Congressman Outhwaite, who returned from Washington this morning, says the new tariff bill now being prepared by the Democratic members of the Ways and Means committee, will be promulgated on the 20th of November. It will be a conservative revision of the McKinley bill, he says.

Money, Crops, Trade.

THE FINANCIAL SITUATION.

The repeal of the Sherman law has been received with rejoicing by the great financial and mercantile interests of the country. The New York bank statement of Saturday again showed a large increase in the net deposits, legal tender holdings, and loans. The surplus above the legal reserve of 25 per cent was a little over $52,000,000. All of this means an abundance of money and low interest rates. Call money was very easy at rates from 1 to 2 per cent. Time loans were in abundant supply, and the retirement of the last of the clearing-house certificates will lead banks to seek loans of this character. Rates ranged from 3 to 3 1-2 per cent for 30 days, to 4 1-2 to 5 1-2 per cent for four to six months, on good Stock Exchange collateral. Prime mercantile paper closed Saturday at 5 to 6 1-2 per cent.

As was predicted, the confidence in the stability of our finances resulting from the unconditional repeal of the Sherman law has started a tide of gold from Europe for this country. Some $2,000 came in last week, and there is about $2,000,000 ordered, or on the Atlantic. The Bank of England has advanced the price of gold in bars to 78 shillings halfpenny per ounce, in order to deter withdrawals of that metal, and prevent, as far as possible, the gold movement this way. The weekly report of clearings over the country on Saturday showed a gratifying increase, and it plain that confidence has taken the place of doubt in all financial circles.

The stock market last week presented an effect due to the discounting of a future event which is certain, in advance of its accomplishment. Instead of a "boom" following the signing of the repeal bill, as those who did closely watch the trend of matters in the Stock Exchange expected, the reverse took place; but it was a purely manipulative movement. Dealers who had bought for speculation threw their holdings on the market to realize the profits of the sharp advances of the previous week, and this gave "bear" operators an opportunity to push things—the result being a depression in prices from the high level reached at the beginning of the week.

The silver market was not much affected by the final passage of the repeal measure. This was because the result was certain, and the market accommodated itself to the inevitable before the final step was taken. Bullion closed in New York on Saturday at 70 1-2 cents per ounce, at which rate the bullion value of the standard dollar is 54 3-8 cents.

WEEKLY REVIEW OF TRADE.

Good Effects of the Silver Repeal Bill.

New York, Nov. 4.—R. G. Dun & Co.'s weekly review of trade will say:

"The repeal of the silver purchase act does good already. The business world in every part of the country reckons it helpful, and the tone of trade is more confident. It is hardly time yet for the effects to be